

SCREENLAND



April
15¢



Olivia
deHavilland

At Home with the
REX
HARRISONS

AT NOW, Van Johnson?



THE *Pulchra* DESIGN

The height of beauty in a bra... Flexees young, perfect lift.

Fluid and lovely in motion, free as air to wear. And cut low to flatter you in every fashion! It's the new Flexaire in the Pulchra Design.

and always... with a Flexaire bra... a figure-perfect Flexees girdle

FLEXAIRE* Pulchra Design Bras by FLEXEES* world's loveliest foundations

"What're you scared of?"

GIRL: Of mice, not men, Nosey. There's no man-trouble in *my* life. In fact, there's no man in it.

CUPID: Know *why*?

GIRL: No, why, Mr. Know-it-all?

CUPID: 'Cause you won't smile even the teensiest-weensiest bit. Has the cat got your smile? Then gleam! Glisten! Dazzle 'em!

GIRL: Listen Stupid, I mean Cupid. Some girls have smiles so bright you could read by 'em. *Some* girls, that is. But include *me* out.

CUPID: Hmmmmmm... when was the last time you saw "pink" on your tooth brush?

GIRL: Yester... "Pink"? weren't we talking about *smiles* a minute ago?

CUPID: I was. Still am, Quarterwit. That "pink" you saw means *see your dentist*. Let *him* decide what's what. If it's just another case of soft foods robbing your gums of exercise, he'll probably suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: And 1-2-3 I start gleaming like *ma-a-ad!* People mistake me for a Neon sign...

CUPID: Yappity yap! Look, Glumdrop, a sparkling smile depends largely on firm, healthy gums. And Ipana's designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with gentle massage, to help gums. If your dentist suggests massage with Ipana when you brush your teeth, take his advice...and there'll be Men, not mice, in your life. Plural!



For the Smile of Beauty
IPANA and MASSAGE

Product of Bristol-Myers

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

At last! The world is going to see the dramatic picturization of the most hush-hush secret of all time.

M-G-M has made the picture of pictures, "The Beginning or the End"—the story of the beginning of a new civilization or the end of civilization itself—the dramatic story of the atomic bomb.

When you see "The Beginning or the End", you'll virtually become a part of the events that were so fraught with drama, danger, and above all—suspense.

You'll enter the forbidden city at Oak Ridge.

You'll meet the only girl who knew the terrifying secret.



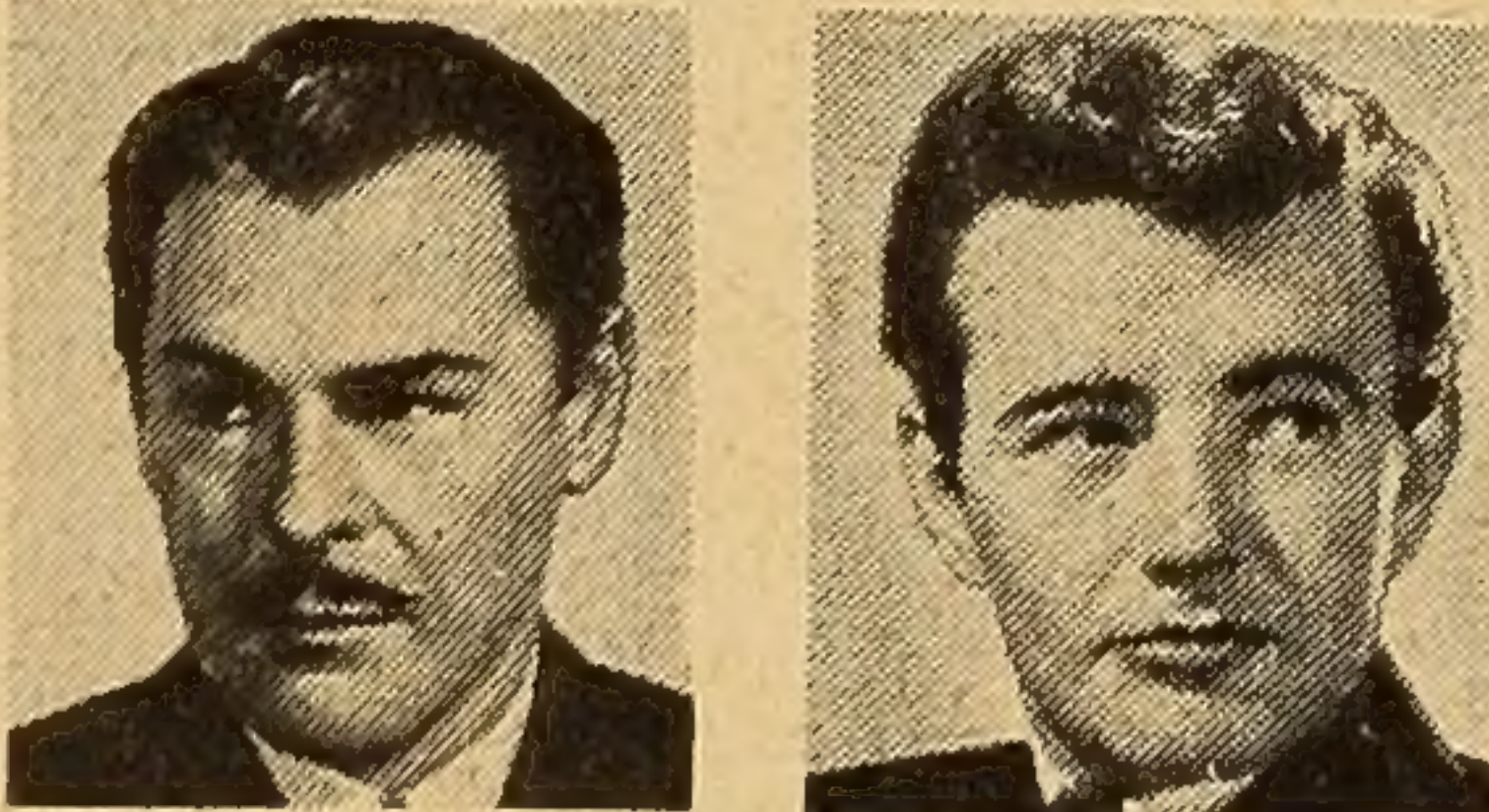
You'll meet the men who enrolled in the army of mystery.



And you will know, too, the nerve-fraying tension of their relentless race against time.



Here is the story of the hour, the burning topic of the moment, the greatest "must" picture in the history of pictures.



M-G-M has assembled top talent for this mighty production. Brian Donlevy, Robert Walker, Tom Drake and Beverly Tyler (the celebrated "Green Years" lovers), beautiful Audrey Totter, Hume Cronyn and many more. Each contributes an unforgettable performance.

To Producer Samuel Marx, Director Norman Taurog, and to the many others who had their part in picturizing the greatest drama of our time, we offer congratulations on an entertainment unique in motion pictures.



"The Beginning or the End" is tremendous from beginning to end!

—Leo



SCREENLAND

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On Our Cover: Portrait of OLIVIA deHAVILLAND, star of Paramount's "To Each His Own." Hat by Walter Florell. Kodachrome by Jack Albin.

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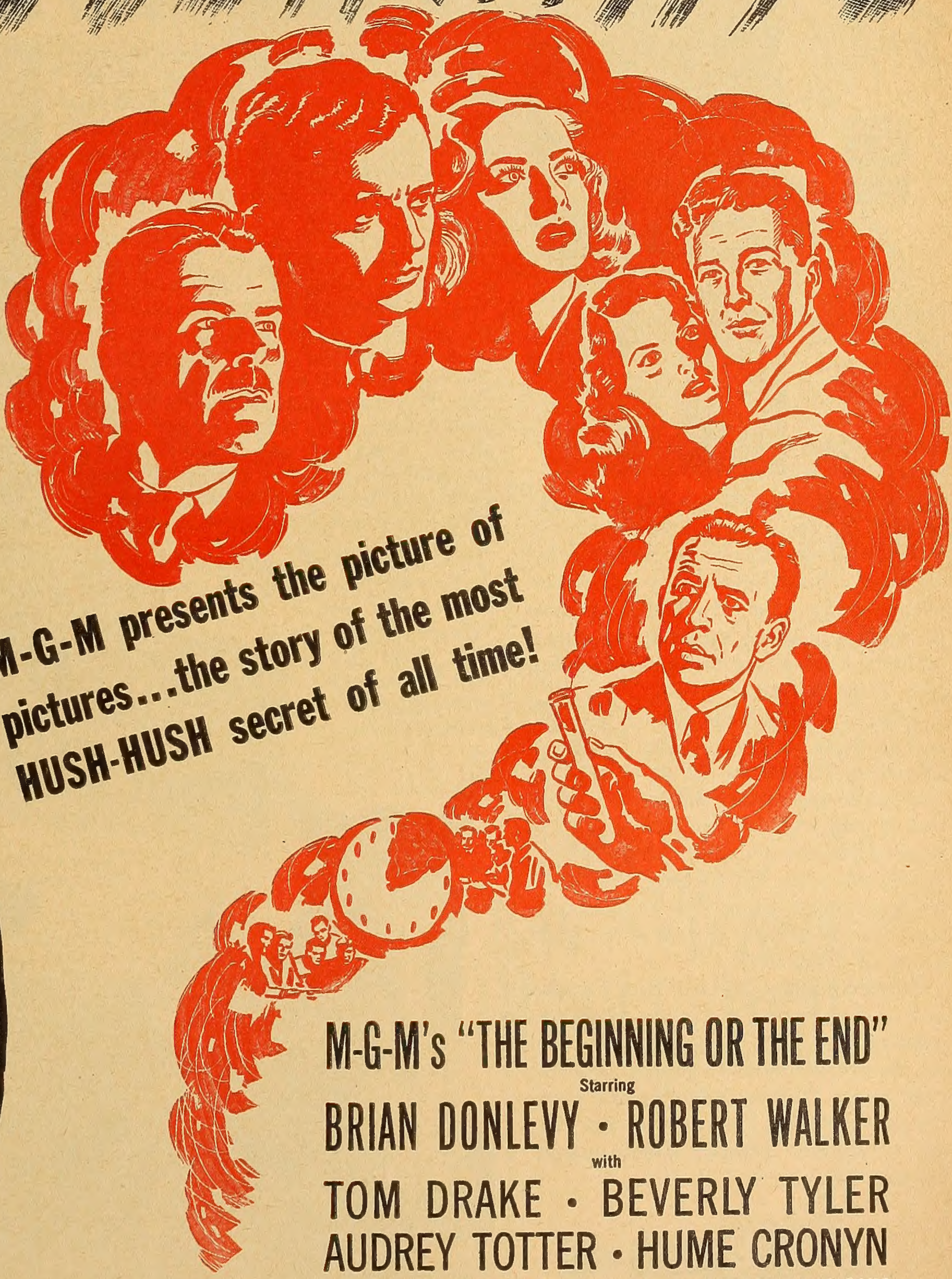
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THE LONG-AWAITED DRAMATIC STORY OF THE ATOMIC BOMB

THE BEGINNING OR THE END



M-G-M presents the picture of
pictures...the story of the most
HUSH-HUSH secret of all time!

M-G-M's "THE BEGINNING OR THE END"

Starring

BRIAN DONLEVY • ROBERT WALKER

with

TOM DRAKE • BEVERLY TYLER
AUDREY TOTTER • HUME CRONYN

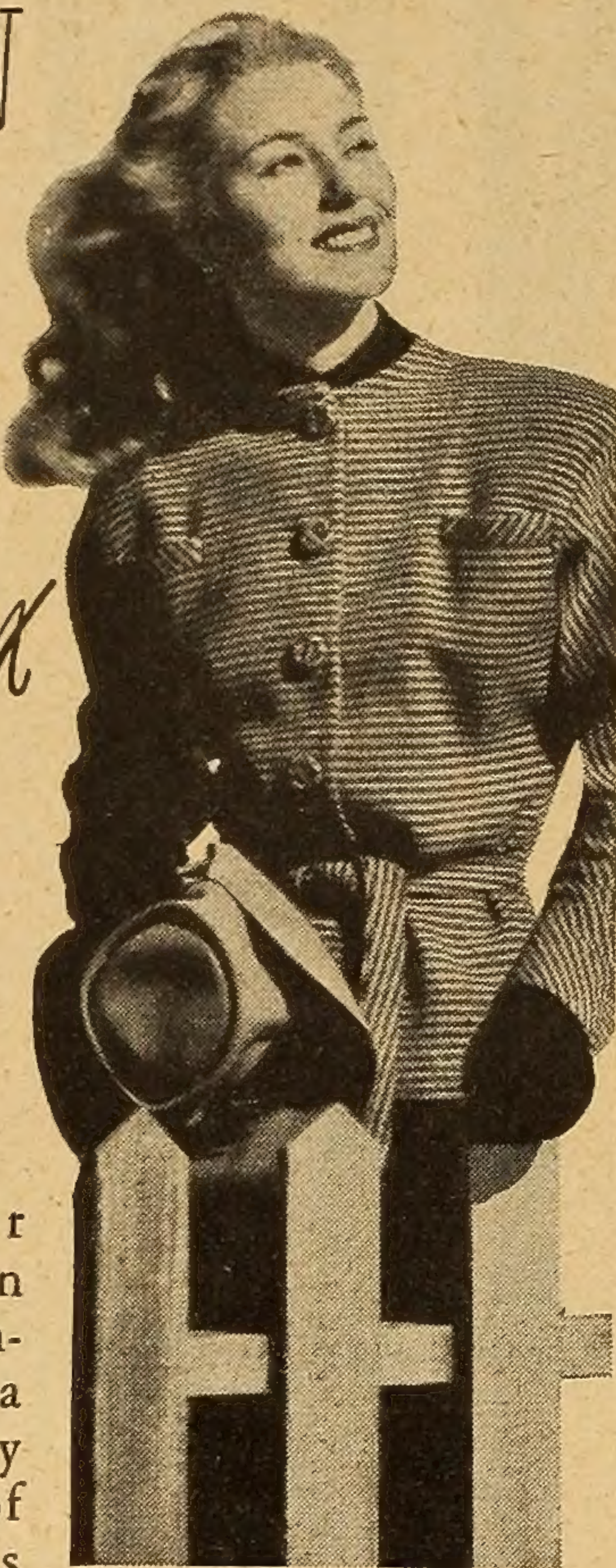
Screen Play by FRANK WEAD • Original Story by ROBERT CONSIDINE
Directed by NORMAN TAUROG • Produced by SAMUEL MARX
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Look into the forbidden city!
Meet the girl who lost
her identity—the only girl
who knew the world's
most terrifying secret!

Glorious freedom now

with
Tampax

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR



No longer need women feel the constraint of a "monthly harness" of belts, pins and external pads. When "those days" appear on the calendar she can use *Tampax* for sanitary protection and avoid all worry about bulges and ridges and revealing edge-lines. For *Tampax* is worn internally and that's the secret of a success which has swept the country among progressive women.

Tampax is doctor-invented and made of pure absorbent cotton contained in dainty disposable applicators. Insertion is easy and the *Tampax* when in place is invisible and unfelt. No odor, no chafing, no disposal problem. For *Tampax* contains only one-fifteenth the bulk of the older forms of protection!

Prepare for next month! Buy *Tampax* now at drug or notion counter. Choice of 3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. An average month's supply slips into your purse. *Tampax* provides new comfort and freedom. You can even wear it in tub or shower. *Tampax* Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association



WHEN six-foot Harry James married Betty Grable, he weighed 135 lbs. Today, Harry tips the scale at a little less than 200. "How do you do it?" asked Dan Dailey, Jr., who plays opposite Betty in "Mother Wore Tights." Harry began to beam. "Grable keeps me able."

THOSE pictures of Ingrid Bergman in her "Joan of Lorraine" hairdo really started something in Hollywood. Jane Wyman, Elizabeth Scott and Gene Tierney are the latest to submit to their hairdressers' shortenin' shears. Greer Garson succumbed months ago. According to Perc Westmore, girls with large features should think twice before "doing it." The all-over short bob and bangs frame the features less, therefore exaggerate them. Local milliners love this idea, of course. New hats automatically are in order.

IT ACTUALLY happened. Jimmy Stewart played a drunk scene so realistically in "Magic Town" that Jane Wyman, in the scene with him, got the hiccoughs!



At top left, Betty and Harry James "bringing home" a winner at Santa Anita; the James Cagneys, top above; Nelson Eddy, his nose to the grindstone (above, with Ilona Massey), is back in the saddle again for Republic musical! Below, Eddy with Elsa Lanchester.

HOT from HOLLYWOOD



"No Decent Man Would Have You Now"

WAS THIS BEAUTIFUL GIRL INVOLVED IN A MURDER... A CRIME NO MAN CAN FORGIVE? OR WAS SHE THE INNOCENT VICTIM IN A WEIRD CHAIN OF ROMANTIC CIRCUMSTANCES? SHE ALONE MUST DECIDE WHETHER TO SEND ONE MAN TO HIS DEATH OR PLUNGE ANOTHER TO DISGRACE BECAUSE HE LOVES HER SO DEEPLY!



She gave her heart and her love to dashing Clive Loring... until Fate turned it to a thing of shame!



Rose Bridges was a girl who knew what she wanted from "gentlemen."

LOVELY Millicent Hopkins was a dancer in the city's most popular revue, but on the night of Aug. 17th, her heart wasn't in her work. Millie's friend, Rose, knew something was wrong and asked her about it in their dressing room after the performance.

"You don't seem very happy about seeing Lord Montglyn," Rose said.

"I'm not meeting him tonight," Millie replied. "He can spend his money and his caresses on some other girl!"

Rose knew the reason was handsome Clive Loring, who had stolen

Millie's heart the first night they met.

But though Millie avoided Montglyn that night, she couldn't avoid the fate that awaited her in Room 17! Fate in the form of Jose

Martinez, man of mystery.

Millie had a rendezvous with that Fate. A few careless hours spent with someone she didn't even know, let alone care for... and she so desperately loved Clive Loring!

Then, several days later, Clive and Millie met again and were married. But little did she know that even on her wedding night scandal was seeking her out. For Jose Martinez was accused of

murder... a murder committed during those hours Millie was with him!

Could she lie, and send one man to his death? Or could she confess her thoughtless indiscretion and disgrace the man who loved her?

No one can guess Millicent Hopkins' decision... no one can feel the impact of this suspense-swept romantic drama! And no one will ever forget the six magnificent performances that bring it to the screen!

Paramount Presents
A Thrilling Love Story starring

Ray Milland • Teresa Wright
(As Clive Loring) (As Millicent Hopkins)

in *"The Imperfect Lady"*

with
SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE • VIRGINIA FIELD
REGINALD OWEN • ANTHONY QUINN
MELVILLE COOPER

Produced by KARL TUNBERG • Directed by LEWIS ALLEN
Screen Play by Karl Tunberg



Clive's brother, Lord Belmont, opposed this marriage vigorously.



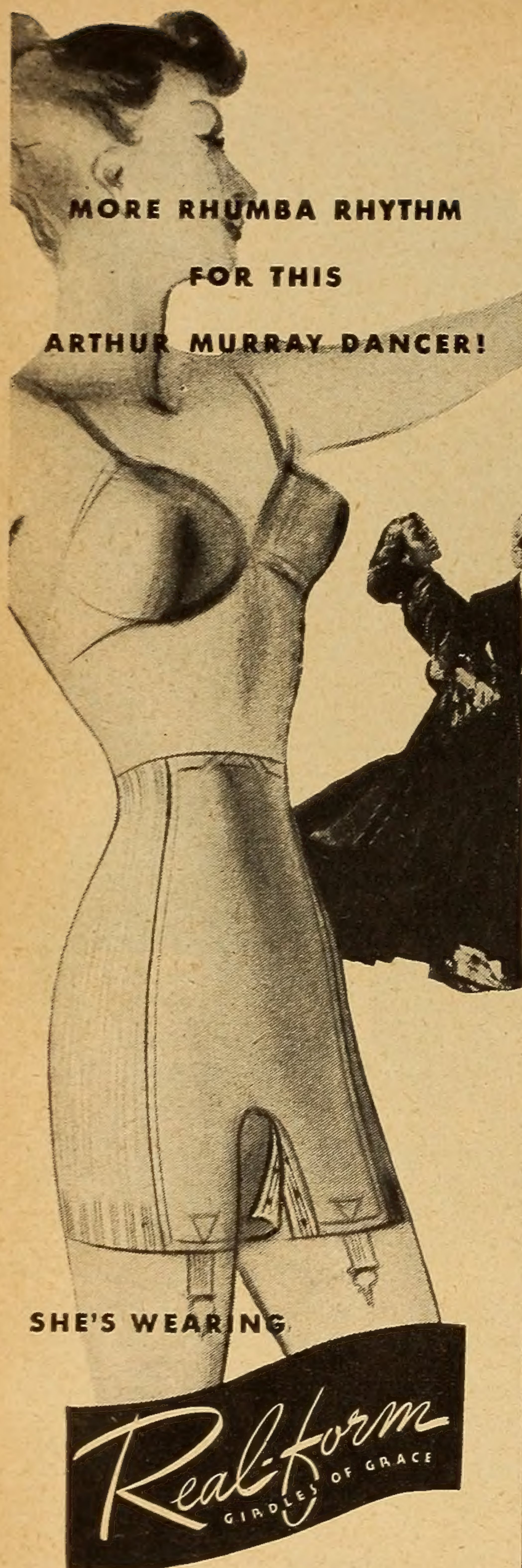
He told police about a girl in Room 17... but would the girl confess?



Her father said: "Painting your lips and showing your legs, for shame!"



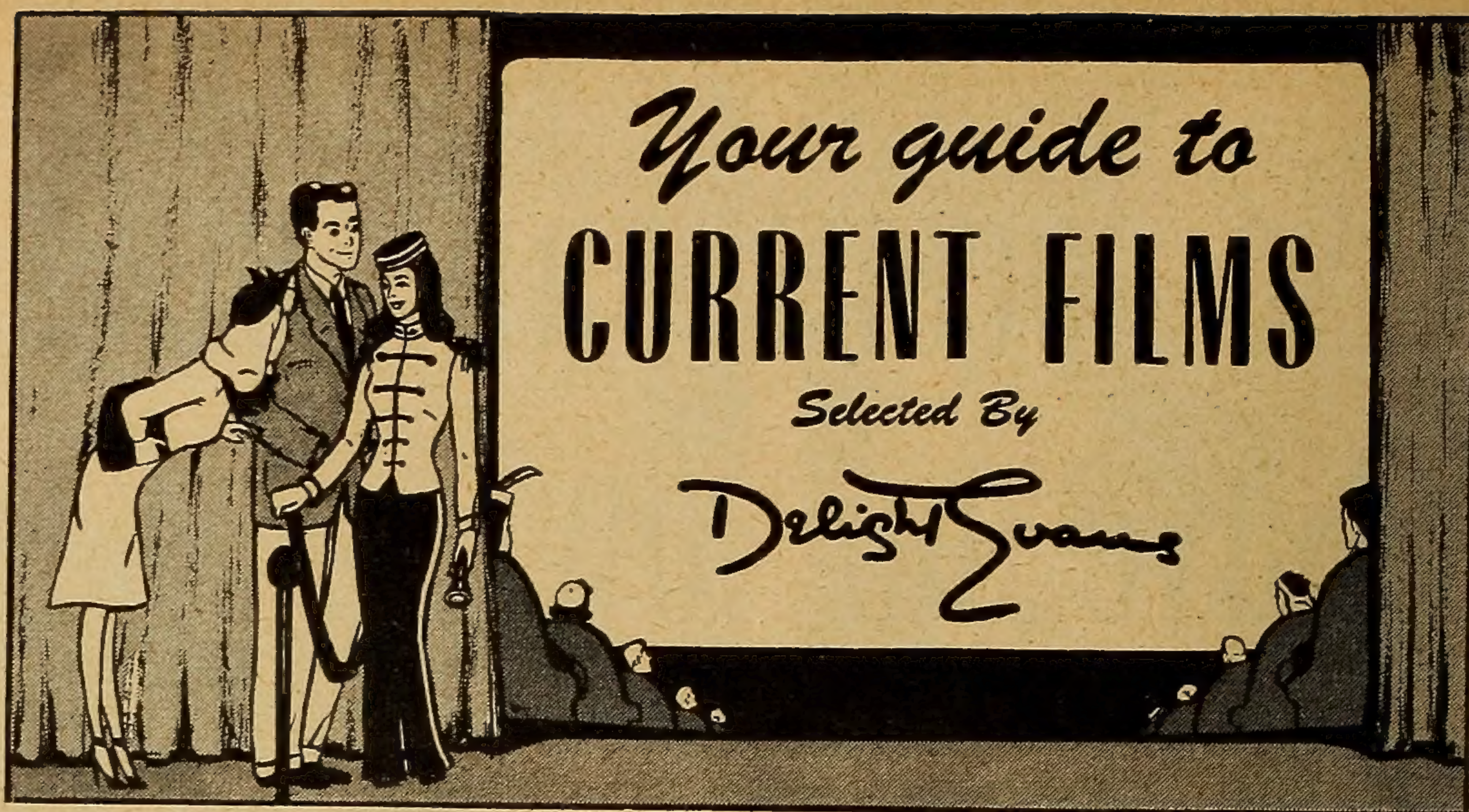
Did this man tell everything he knew of the night of August 17th?



More rhythm in your rumba,
too, when you wear this
Real-form Panty Girdle!
It's fashioned to fit in
Raschel-knit of two-way
stretch Lastex and DuPont
rayon, with a Skinner's
rayon satin panel for firm
tummy control. Won't ride
up or roll, guaranteed
non-run—and the crotch
is semi-detachable!
Sizes: Small, medium and large.

JUST \$5.00

Real In-Form-ation! Send 25¢ in coin
or stamps for the Arthur Murray Dance Book.
Real-form Girdle Co.,
Dept. 3H 358 Fifth Avenue, New York 1



DEAD RECKONING



Columbia



SINBAD THE SAILOR



RKO



THIS HAPPY BREED



Two Cities Release



SUDDENLY IT'S SPRING



Paramount

SCREENLAND

Your guide to CURRENT FILMS

Selected By

Delight Evans

Humphrey Bogart and Lizabeth Scott fans need have no hesitancy in dropping their shekels at the box-office to see this tense, dramatic thriller. Their teaming exceeds even your expectations! Bogey is ten times more "Bogey" with the stunning, smouldering, sultry-voiced Scott—and vice versa. Added to that is the bang-up-mystery chiller plot which will really keep you guessing. Bogey, as a paratroop captain, is accompanying one of his heroic sergeants to Washington to be decorated with the Congressional Medal. The sergeant takes a powder and in searching for him Bogey meets up with the boy's dream girl, Lizabeth, the strongest link in the chain of events leading back to a pre-war committed murder. The dialogue adds impact to the double-dealing situations and the surprise ending will make you gasp.

In the best tradition of his famous and well-loved father, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., bounds back on the screen after a notable war service record. It's great fun to watch him, and we only wish there had been a little more action without the cumbersome dialogue. The legendary treasure of Alexander the Great on a mythical isle is the objective in this vividly colored fantasy based on *Sinbad's* eighth voyage. The seekers of this "power of the world" are the *Emir*, Anthony Quinn, *Melik*, Walter Slezak, who takes on several characterizations—all of them colorful—*Sinbad*, the true son of *Aga*, the hoarder of the treasure, and the lovely *Shireen*, Maureen O'Hara, who plays on both *Sinbad's* and the *Emir's* sides, until she finds the real treasure. Where? The answer in this film is it's in your heart, your mind!

Has Noel Coward ever done anything that wasn't a success? In this Cineguild film he has turned a polite back on super-sophisticated drawing-room farce, at which he is master, and devotes careful attention to the plain living of an ordinary English family consisting of one garden-loving father (Robert Newton), one over-worked mother (Celia Johnson), and their children. Their story is not unusual, but the manner in which it is presented will keep you engrossed. You'll feel the weariness of moving day almost as much as the *Gibbsons* do, the warmth of friendliness with good neighbors, the annoyance of petty quarrels that happen in every family (now admit it!), the sorrow of sudden death, the shame caused by the fun-loving daughter, and the exhilaration of her romance with Johnny Mills.

Fred MacMurray's problem of getting Paulette Goddard, his wife and former law partner, to sign a divorce consent so that he can marry Arleen Whelan takes up the entire footage of this gay, sophisticated and hilarious comedy produced by Claude Binyon from his and P. J. Wolfson's screenplay, and directed with the accent on slapstick by Mitchell Leisen. But don't let the slight plot fool you. There's plenty of action and fast dialogue for everyone when Paulette, after four years as the WAC's marital relations expert, comes home and Fred starts his campaign with the aid of MacDonald Carey, whose main interest is in marrying Paulette. It's MacMurray's impersonation of a loud-mouthed, cigar-puffing gagster which straightens out the tangled situation and convulses the audience.



A MOUTH LIKE HERS

IF YOU WERE
NORA PRENTISS
WOULD YOU
KEEP YOUR
MOUTH SHUT?

IS JUST FOR KISSING

Ann Sheridan
AS A WOMAN WHO DOES WHAT SHE HAS TO DO
IN **"NORA
PRENTISS"**
THE NEW WARNER SENSATION

NOT FOR TELLING

CO-STARRING

KENT SMITH • BRUCE BENNETT

with ROBERT ALDA
ROSEMARY DECAMP •

DIRECTED BY

VINCENT SHERMAN •

PRODUCED BY

WILLIAM JACOBS

SCREEN PLAY BY N. RICHARD NASH • FROM A STORY BY PAUL WEBSTER & JACK SOBELL • MUSIC BY FRANZ WAXMAN

SCREENLAND

9



What does a man like about a girl's hair?

Do you know the secret, girls? Do
you know how to catch a man's eye
and bring it straight to you? It's easy
— JUST GIVE YOUR HAIR

Lovely color

Men love hair that gleams
with rich, warm color. Yes,
whatever the color of your
hair, Nestle Colorinse will
enhance its beauty.



Sparkling highlights



Wait 'til he sees the glam-
orous highlights Nestle
Colorinse rinses into your
hair . . . sparkling high-
lights that make your hair
seem alluringly "alive"!

Silken sheen

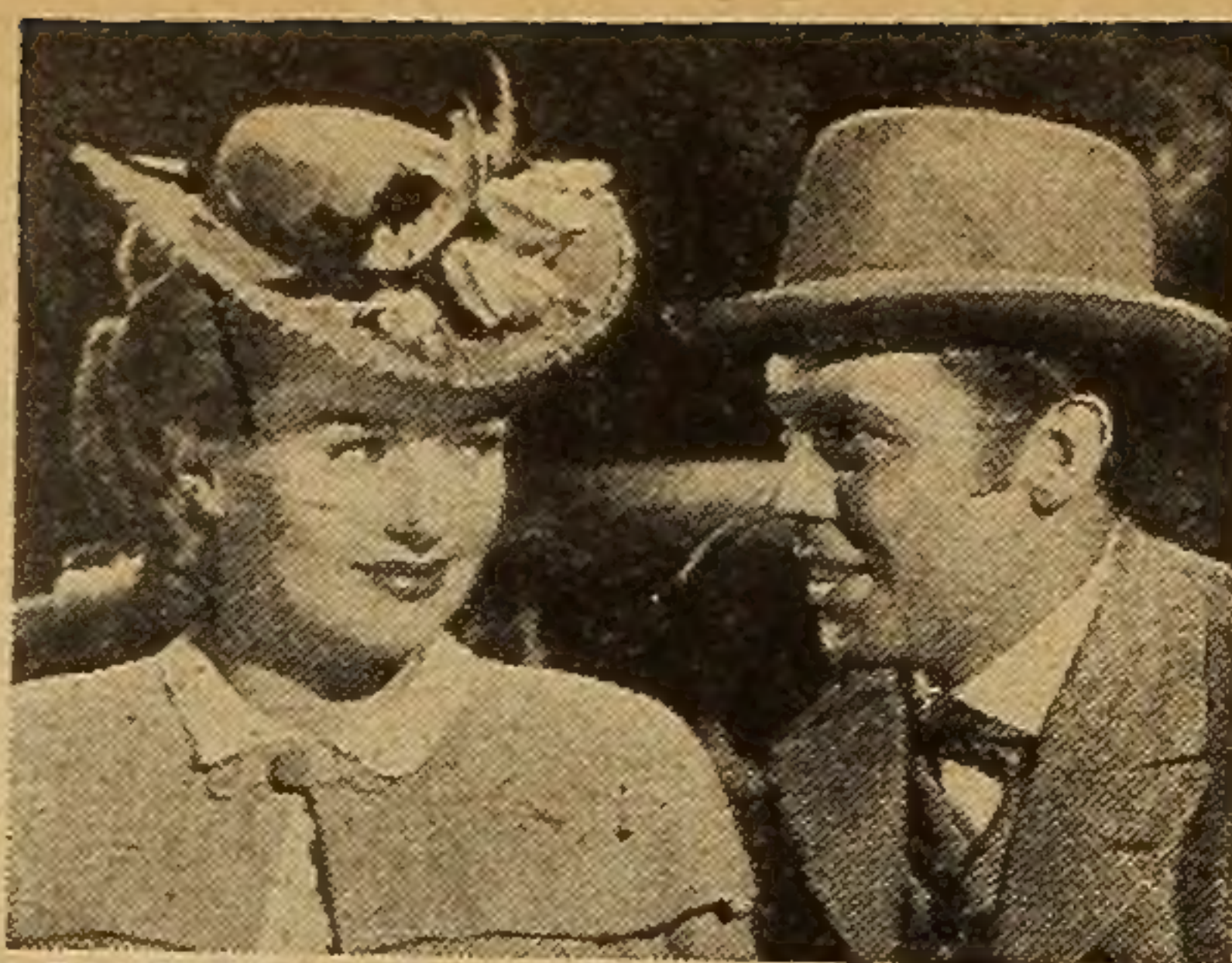
A man loves to caress hair
that's soft and shining.
You'll be thrilled when
you see the beautiful
silken sheen that Nestle
Colorinse gives your hair.



Nestle
COLORINSE
RINSES TINTS CLORIFIES YOUR HAIR

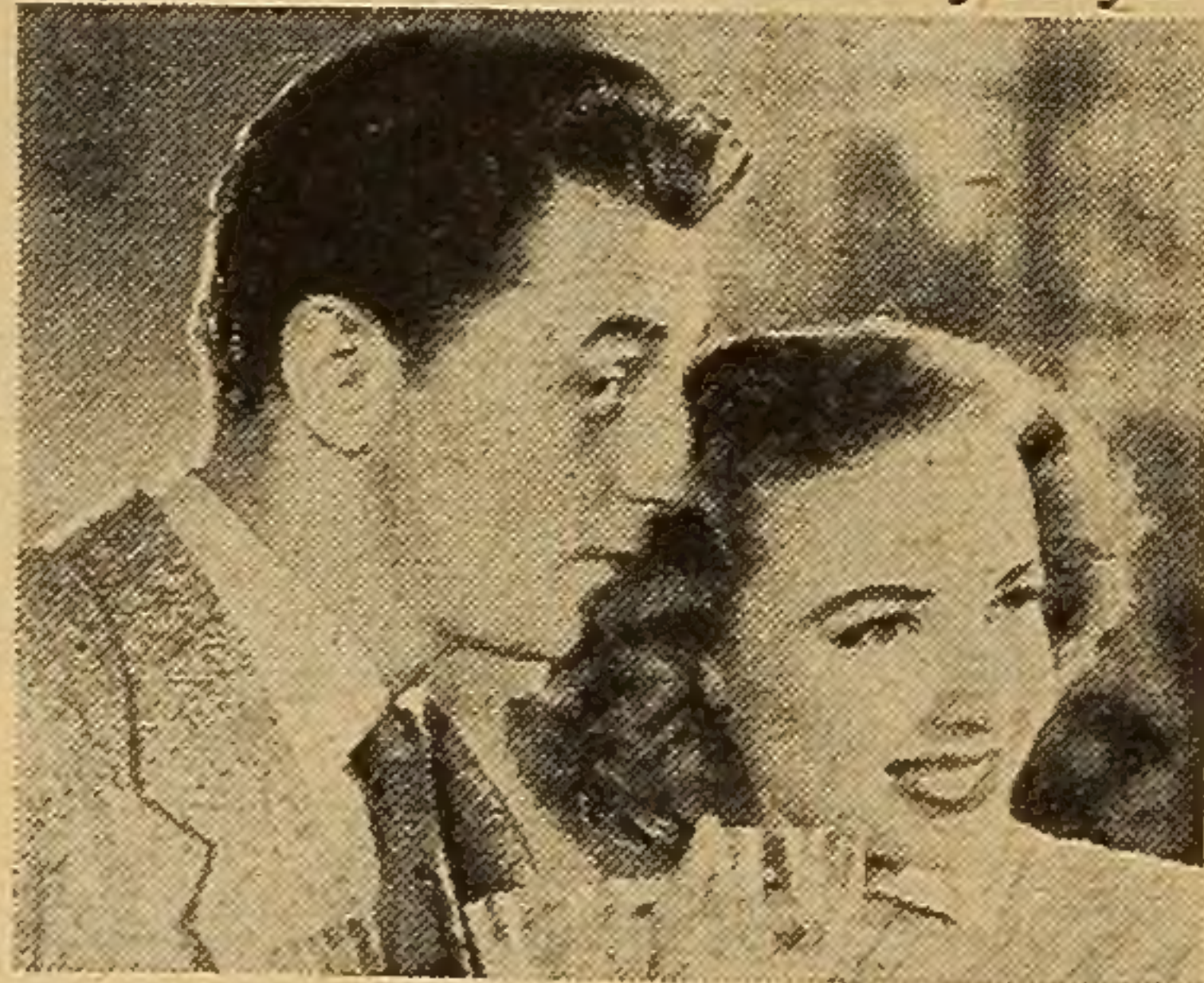
GET NESTLE COLORINSE TODAY!

In 9 colors to glorify every shade of hair.
10c and 25c at beauty counters everywhere.



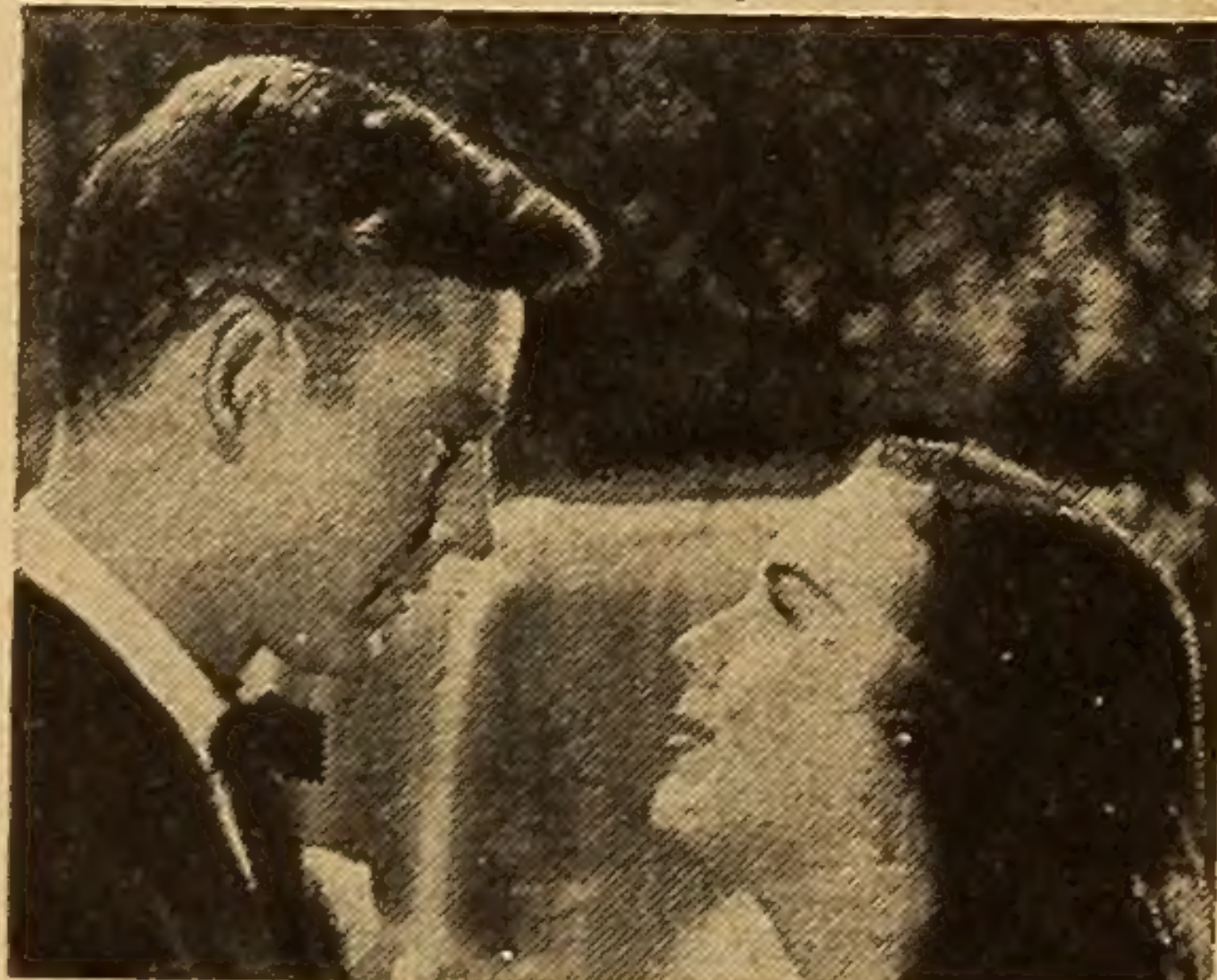
THE SHOCKING MISS PILGRIM—20th-Fox

If you've been concerned that your pet Pin-Up, Miss Grable, has her abundant charms too well hidden in this period piece about the first girl typist, calm your fears. Betty in a bustle is still Grable, and then some, for the shrewd costume designers have managed to make her look curvier than ever in the form-fitting, wasp-waisted clothes her rôle calls for. As *Cynthia Pilgrim*, intrepid gal who breaks the ice for female office workers in staid Boston town, Betty is enchanting as she subjugates an office-full of mere males and even wins the boss (Dick Haymes) over to her side of equal rights for women (especially *Miss Pilgrim*). It's all light, gay, and decidedly decorative, with a few nice tunes from George Gershwin's album and charmingly sung by the co-stars. In the cast, Ann Revere and Allan Joslyn score.



THE LOCKET—RKO-Radio

An unrecognized childhood fixation is the crux of this psychological picture, and its merit lies in the excellent performances of stars Laraine Day, Robert Mitchum, Brian Aherne and Gene Raymond (welcome back!), as well as in the logical motivation and subtle injection of doubt in Sheridan Gibney's story. John Brahm, director, is to be commended for his handling of the double flashback in which Laraine's story is told—on the day of her third marriage. It's a shameful past this soul-of-virtue character has lived during her convenient lapse of memory—one which is unbelievable until she is confronted with the heart-shaped locket that caused her fixation. Katherine Emery does a standout job as the menace.



I'LL BE YOURS—Universal-International

Deanna Durbin is her own popular self again in this pleasantly romantic comedy with the sincere and personable Tom Drake to be in love with. The story is just what her fans have been wanting for their favorite. Here she is a small town girl who goes to New York, becomes an usher in a swank theater, crashes an elite party with the aid of William Bendix, a good-hearted waiter with an amusing philosophy, meets a wealthy wolf, Adolphe Menjou, and involves Tom Drake, an "honesty-is-best-policy" lawyer. Deanna's in fine voice for three solos: "Granada," "Sari Waltz" and "It's Dream Time."



THE LATE GEORGE APLEY—20th-Fox

With Ronald Colman in the rôle of the hidebound Boston aristocrat, and a perfect cast carrying out a consummately directed script, here, for our movie money, is the treat of the month. Like "Anna and the King of Siam," this picture departs from formula. From *Apley's* first appearance in his Beacon Hill mansion, where plans for the traditional family Thanksgiving dinner are upset by his unconventional daughter's romance and his love-struck son's odd behavior, through the gradual softening-up of *Apley's* stuffed-shirt front as he learns new values and incidentally discovers Freud—you're set for a session of delicious humor. All of it may not be quite according to Author Marquand, but it's grand entertainment. Peggy Cummins, Edna Best, Percy Waram, Mildred Natwick—all delightful!



BOOMERANG—20th Century-Fox

There is a great punch in Producer Louis de Rochemont's direct approach to an already compelling story, based on an actual unsolved crime in a Connecticut town. Again he uses real places and real people to dress up the scenes, which adds to the socko effect. Just wait until you see the courtroom scene. It deals a suspenseful shock seldom achieved, and as the State's Attorney who is strong enough to refuse to prosecute a man he does not believe guilty, Dana Andrews is terrific. In equally fine portrayals are Jane Wyatt, admirable as his wife, Lee J. Cobb, as the Chief of Police, and Arthur Kennedy as the befuddled defendant. Elia Kazan's strong concise direction makes this film one of the best.



LOVE LAUGHS AT ANDY HARDY—MGM

Our warm welcome home goes to Mickey Rooney in his first picture since his Army service. You'll enjoy greeting the *Hardy* family again—Lewis Stone, as ever the understanding father and judge, Fay Holden, as *Andy's* anxious mother, and Sara Haden back again as *Aunt Millie*. The story takes *Andy* to college for his freshman year where he catches up with his sweetheart, Bonita Granville, but before he has a chance to make her his fiancée she announces her intention to wed a fabulous tycoon. His wildcat scheme to become just as successful creates the big crisis which Lina Romay, as the cute chick, helps the family to circumvent.

If He Knew
Where He Lost it...
If He Knew
When He Lost it...
Then Hed Know
Which of These MISSES
to Call MRS.!

← The Groom

The Bride
↗

↖ The Wife

LOST! ONE HONEYMOON
If anyone finds a honey-
moon with me on it, please
return. FRANCHOT TONE

Eagle-Lion Films presents

**FRANCHOT TONE
ANN RICHARDS
TOM CONWAY**

**"LOST" IN
HONEYMOON**

BRYAN FOY
In Charge of Production

with
**FRANCES RAFFERTY · CLARENCE KOLB
UNA O'CONNOR · WINSTON SEVERN**
Original Screenplay by Joseph Fields



Music by **Werner Heymann**

Produced by **Lee Marcus** · Directed by **LEIGH JASON**

SCREENLAND

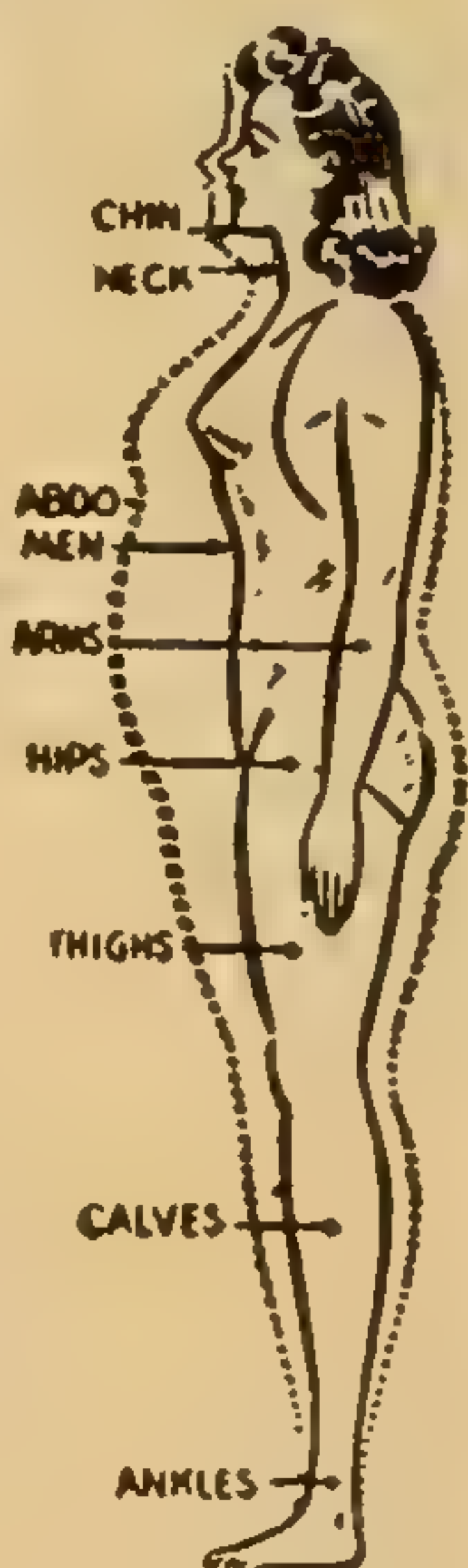
The Ideal Way to Reduce

GET RID OF Extra Fat Extra Pounds Extra Inches



REDUCE In the Privacy of Your Home WONDER BATH

HELPS YOU TO RELAX WHILE REDUCING. LOSE WEIGHT with this new, easy, pleasant, harmless method used by the most expensive and exclusive Reducing Salons. This is the way many New York and Hollywood stage, screen and radio people help to keep their figures slim, lovely and glamorous. You can now do exactly the same in your own home. You may now say good-bye to your heavy waistline and hips and those unnecessary unsightly bulges, at a trifling cost. No more tiring exercises, or strain, no laxatives or drugs. No starvation diets. You just take a warm, soothing, comforting WONDER BATH. Simply rest and relax for 15 minutes this healthful, pleasant way. If you are normally overweight, you can easily lose pounds and inches. By following easy, simple directions of the WONDER BATH plan, you will be amazed and delighted at the way your fat and bulges seem to melt away.



WONDER BATH is an amazing, soothing new preparation that helps you to relax while reducing.

FREE A large size jar of Special Formula WONDER Body Cream and "FIGURE BEAUTY" will be included absolutely FREE with your order for WONDER BATH. To achieve best results, this Special Formula WONDER Body Cream should be used after each WONDER BATH.

10-DAY NO-RISK TRIAL

Use WONDER BATH for 10 days at our expense. If you are not truly delighted with your loss of weight, if you don't look and feel better—return the remaining contents and your money will be refunded in full.

ACADEMY VITA PRODUCTS CO., Dept. HS-4
Academy Building, Newark 2, New Jersey

Please send me postpaid, 60-day supply of WONDER BATH, FREE Special Formula WONDER Body Cream and "FIGURE BEAUTY". I enclose \$5.00 cash, check or Money Order. If I am not 100% delighted, I may return the remaining contents within 10 days and my money will be promptly refunded.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

C.O.D. orders. Send \$1.00 deposit. Pay postman balance of \$4.00 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. Same Money-Back Guarantee.

INGRID BERGMAN



ANNE BAXTER



CLIFTON WEBB



GEORGE SANDERS



Fans' Forum



Timely Tips

There's not one movie fan in a million who doesn't have at least one suggestion to offer movie makers. Write down your tips to stars, producers, directors—all of the talented crew who provide your number one entertainment—and send them to your own Fans' Forum. Monthly awards for the best letters published: \$10.00, \$5.00, and ten \$1.00 prizes. Closing date is the 25th of the month.

Please address your letters to Fans' Forum, SCREENLAND, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

think everyone would enjoy it even more if she were again cast with Bing, and maybe as an extra special favor, couldn't we please have that wonderful little guy, Barry Fitzgerald?

HARRIET REDRUP, Columbus 7, Ohio

PERSONAL FREEDOM

Second Prize Letter

\$5.00

Every time one picks up a movie fan magazine or a newspaper column dealing with Hollywood screen stars, one finds somebody crabbing because some important star refuses to live his or her life in full view of the ogling public. It makes a person sore.

I think a screen personality owes no more and no less to his or her public than to give genuine relaxation and enjoyment while on the screen. What a screen actor does in his spare time is the business of that screen actor only, and not the public at large. Can a talented and finely strung human being, who works hard all day before a battery of cameras and bright lights, dash out with a new escort to some whoopee spot every other night and still give an unselfish performance before the same cameras the next day? Of course not! And neither can a marriage last and be successful if husband and wife can't enjoy a little of this country's famous "personal freedom."

If Lana Turner should ever decide to dye her hair "sky-blue-pink" let her do it. It's her business what she does. And if a movie star doesn't answer personally every phone call from some good friend, they are not being snooty. Nobody likes to live in a "glass house" all the time!

ERNIE PARISELLA, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

FALSE IMPRESSION

\$1.00

I know that many people back in the States think we're pretty backward here in Brazil, and I can't blame them! American

NOT ALL JIVE AND JAZZ

First Prize Letter \$10.00

I am just an average teen-aged school girl, who, I must admit, drools over Madison, swoons over Cornel and adores Van. But when it comes down to the real facts, Hollywood, you're all wet! For a long time you have had the impression that unless you put out a picture with plenty of jive and jazz, or those mushy love scenes, you'll lose your high school audience. But that is where you're all wrong. We can be serious right along with the rest of the folks.

Take, for instance, two fine pictures: namely, "Going My Way" and "The Bells of St. Mary's." Never have I seen two pictures which I have enjoyed so much. Everything about them was wonderful. It's pictures like these that give you a good clean feeling, a feeling that your few hours at the movies have been well spent.

And please, Hollywood, keep Ingrid Bergman away from pictures like "Notorious." Of course, I must say she was wonderful in it as she is in everything she's cast in, but she is just too sweet to play a rôle like that. Please put her in something where her true personality is revealed. I

YOU
DARE NOT
EVEN
GUESS THE
STRANGE
LOVE STORY
OF "THE RED HOUSE"



SOL LESSER presents

EDWARD G. ROBINSON

and

LON M'CALLISTER

in

"The RED HOUSE"

Straight from the pages of The
Saturday Evening Post serial and the
novel that thrilled over 7 million readers!

with JUDITH ANDERSON • RORY CALHOUN • ALLENE ROBERTS • JULIE LONDON

ONA MUNSON • HARRY SHANNON • From the novel "THE RED HOUSE" • Written for the Screen
by GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN • and Directed by DELMER DAVES

Copyright by Thalia Productions, Inc. • Released thru United Artists

SCREENLAND

A Hair "Make-Up"

Created for
Your *Color Type!



✻ Created for BLONDES

Three of Marchand's twelve Rinse shades are created for you! The Blonde shade highlights your natural hair color. Light Golden Blonde adds a touch of copper, while Titian Blonde gives a deeper tone.

Highlights for Every Color Type... brownette, brunette and redhead, as well as blonde! Choose the Marchand rinse shade you want... dissolve it in warm water, after your shampoo... then, brush or pour it through your hair. In a jiffy, dulling soap film vanishes! Your hair is softer and easier to manage, lovelier than ever.

More Color... a little or a lot. Marchand's color chart tells you which rinse to use for the effect you desire for your hair. If gray strands are your problem, there's a shade to blend them in with your original hair color!

Absolutely Harmless... Marchand's Rinse is not a bleach, not a permanent dye. It's as safe to use as lemon or vinegar and washes out easily the next time you shampoo your hair.

Marchand's

"Make-Up"
HAIR RINSE

6 RINSES—25c • 2 RINSES—10c
Plus Tax

By the Makers of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash

movies have given them the impression that the women look and dress like Carmen Miranda and the men have nothing to do all day but play a guitar or dance the samba—that is, of course, when they aren't cooling off in the shade some place with an oversized "sombbrero" pulled down over their faces. It's ridiculous! Rio de Janeiro is one of the most modern cities in the world. Why, if anyone walked through town in a "sombbrero," people would stare in amazement! And as for Carmen Miranda's clothes, the only time you see anyone dressed like that is at carnival time. Here in Rio women's clothes are very chic. They are mostly hand-made from pure silk and are usually copied from French and American designs. Hair styles are ultra modern and nylons are the rage.

Believe it or not, the most popular form of entertainment is the movies—American movies, though there are also many fine Argentine, Brazilian, Mexican and Portuguese films shown. Yes, the theaters are always crowded, especially Friday nights, Saturdays and Sundays. There are people willing to wait in long lines, only to find sometimes they must stand throughout the performance just to see their favorite stars—Greer Garson, Ingrid Bergman, Clark Gable, Vivien Leigh, Deanna Durbin, Betty Grable, and many, many others.

So how about it, Hollywood? Give us a break by showing America what we really look like.

VINCEY EVANS, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

LEARN FROM OLD-TIME THRILLER

\$1.00

Maybe it just goes to show I'm an old fogey, but I can't help comparing two adventure movies I saw recently.

One was "Two Years Before the Mast," starring Alan Ladd. For a change he wasn't so wooden. Not a bad picture at all, I thought, until I saw the other at the Museum of Modern Art. That was a picture made in 1926, "The Black Pirate," starring Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. Despite the "corny" situations and technical handicaps, there simply could be no denying that "The Black Pirate" was better!

Maybe before they start on their newest

adventure films, our modern stars could learn a lot by a visit to an old-time thriller that really was thrilling.

BABS BEDFORD, New York, N. Y.

PRAISE FOR ANNE BAXTER

\$1.00

I have just come from seeing "The Razor's Edge," and though the picture didn't particularly please me, Anne Baxter did. So I am now singing the praises of one Anne Baxter who has always been an enjoyable treat on the screen in such pictures as "Smoky," "Eve of St. Mark," and "Angel on My Shoulder." But after seeing "The Razor's Edge," I think she has really reached the top. Her few scenes in the picture are worth the price of admission alone. Her expressions, her acting and her warmth all brought together made the part of Sophie memorable. I'm sure few actresses could have bettered it.

ROBERT SORENSON, New York, N. Y.

NEW SIDE OF GEORGE SANDERS

\$1.00

George Sanders with tears in his eyes? So the cruel, wicked, cynical George is human, after all! As the plot of "Rage in Heaven" unfolded, I had the utmost difficulty in realizing that George Sanders was not the mentally ill patient who had escaped from an institution. I was afraid to have him alone in the woods with Ingrid Bergman. I thought him insincere when he spoke of his feelings for her. Finally I had to realize that he was the true and wholly understanding friend of both Ingrid and Bob Montgomery in this intensely interesting story.

Let's have some more sympathetic parts for George. Here is a new side of him that I, for one, have never seen.

EMILIE VAUGHAN, Trumansburg, N. Y.

FAVORITE OF ALL AGES

\$1.00

A few years ago I paused at the record counter of a large department store to hear
(Please turn to page 19)



Rosalind Russell, ecstatic in sparkling sequined veil, with "best-dressed" Clark Gable.

SCREENLAND



The
Woman Hunt
is on
for the
girl with
the
little
black
book!

**DEBORAH
KERR**....

(you'll love her...you'll love her brogue)

as the Gay Young Innocent
caught in a Web of Intrigue
and Love!

"The Adventuress"

J. ARTHUR RANK presents

DEBORAH KERR • TREVOR HOWARD in "THE ADVENTURESS"

with RAYMOND HUNTLEY • MICHAEL HOWARD • NORMA SHELLEY • LIAM REDMOND

Screenplay written and produced by FRANK LAUNDER and SIDNEY GILLIAT

Directed by FRANK LAUNDER • AN INDIVIDUAL PICTURE

An Eagle-Lion Films Release

* KERR RHYMES WITH STAR

SCREENLAND

15

Diana Lynn's trick for perfume enchantment, below, is to hide a small piece of perfumed cotton behind her lapel pin. At right, try sewing your favorite sachet in the waistband of your skirt to keep an aura of fragrance about you. Diana carries a small perfume vial with her always for hasty touch-ups. It's smart to use an atomizer when applying your perfume at home, because then the perfume goes on more evenly. See Diana next in "Easy Come, Easy Go."

Exclusive photos by
Bud Fraker, Paramount



How Sweet YOU ARE!



Choose your perfume to please
the men in your life

By Claire Finucane

THERE are so many girls who cling to one perfume year in and year out and never discover whether it suits them or not. Not so with fashion lovelies in Hollywood. They wear various scents, and here's Diana Lynn to show you how to use your perfumes so they will do the most good. But first a little about selecting the right fragrance for just you.

Some girls like to traipse around to perfume counters and squirt about ten different delightful fragrances around themselves, which may be a good way if at the end of the spree they can remember them all. Others like the perfume some friend uses and that's a good method for decision. But the best test of all is to try your perfume out on your men.

Let's say the perfume you've found in the store or the one your friend uses is your choice. Try wearing it on date night. Let (Please turn to page 18)



This stranger is mine!

*He came to
my arms and
nothing can
take him
from me...not
the law...his
enemies...or
his own fear
of my love!*

The dramatic
story of a girl
in a man's
world who
taught a kill-
er the real
meaning of
love!

JOHN
WAYNE

GAIL
RUSSELL

Angel and the **BADMAN**



with
HARRY CAREY • BRUCE CABOT • IRENE RICH • LEE DIXON
STEPHEN GRANT • TOM POWERS • PAUL HURST
Written and Directed by James Edward Grant • A JOHN WAYNE PRODUCTION

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

NOW DISCOVER the SECRET of BEAUTY!



THE
PRIDE OF
AMERICA

OUR
OWN
BEAUTIFUL
GIRLS WITH
LONGER HAIR

MAKE THIS
EASY
7 DAY TEST

DO YOU WANT
LONGER HAIR?
THEN SURELY TRY THIS PROVEN
EASY SYSTEM ON YOUR HAIR

Helps Prevent Brittle Ends Breaking Off!

● Hair May Get Longer

when scalp and hair conditions are normal and the dry, brittle, breaking off hair can be retarded by supplementing the natural hair oils, it has a chance to get longer and much more beautiful. Just try the easy JUELENE System 7 days and let your mirror prove results. Your money back if not delighted. See if Juelene's tendency to help your hair to become softer, silkier, more lustrous than it has been before—in just one short week helps your hair gain its normal beauty,

● BRUNETTES, BLONDES, TITIANS!

Just try this System on your HAIR seven days and see if you are really enjoying the pleasure of LONGER HAIR that so often captures Love and Romance for you.

● Send No Money!

Just mail the convenient introductory coupon. Take advantage of this Fully Guaranteed Introductory Offer today, and know at last the happiness of possessing really lovelier hair and be envied by so many.

JUEL COMPANY, 4727 N. Damen, Chicago 25, Illinois

Mail This INTRODUCTORY COUPON!

JUEL COMPANY, Dept. C-602,
4727 North Damen, Chicago 25, Ill.

Yes, I want easy-to-manage, longer hair. I will try the JUELENE SYSTEM for 7 days. If my mirror doesn't show satisfactory results, I will ask for my money back.

☐ I am enclosing \$1.00.

☐ Send C. O. D. plus postage.

JUELENE Comes in 2 Forms

☐ POMADE ☐ LIQUID

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

Our Customers Participate in Gifts

the delightful scent waft through the air and if your beau makes a favorable comment, be sure to take heed and follow his advice—after all, he's the one you want to please, is he not? Next date, try a different fragrance and then watch his reaction to that one. If he likes them both, then alternate them. And if you date lots of lucky fellows, label your bottles "Bob," "Joe," or "Tom," then you won't get mixed up about which one likes which.

When you are settled on the perfumes you want to wear, you'll probably want to keep the heavenly aroma about you until your evening of fun is over. Of course, your best bet is to carry one of those handy perfume vials around with you—you know, the purse size that you can fill from your favorite large bottle. However, if you haven't one, put some of the precious liquid on a small piece of cotton and attach it to your slip or in your bra, making sure the outer layer of cotton isn't wet, because it might discolor your underthings. Or, you can sew tiny sachets in the hemline of your slip and the pleasant aroma will stay and stay. A few drops of perfume or toilet water in your shampoo rinse will help to carry the fragrant theme through, then a little bit around the hairline before you go out and you are all set. There is one thing I must warn you about, however—don't overdo a good thing. Use your perfume slightly and only one scent at a time or you will

seem like a walking perfume factory and that won't do at all.

Always use an atomizer. First, because it really makes you feel luxurious to sit at your dressing table and spray on the sweet-smelling stuff and, secondly, because you can apply your perfume more evenly that way. When you are finished spray a little more on each fingertip, just for a final touch of luxury.

Perhaps I shouldn't say this, for you probably never do. But if your dress is in need of cleaning, please don't try to finesse the cleaning by using perfume. It won't work, for even though you may not notice it, everyone else will and the effect is terrific—terrifically bad. Wear a fresh frilly blouse and skirt on your big date when your date dresses need cleaning and then you can be sure not to offend.

Just a word about various scents and when to wear them before signing off. Although you may think differently and be just as right as rain, I like floral scented toilet waters in the morning after showering because they make me feel full of pep. Then during the day I keep a little perfume stick in my desk drawer and when I need a little refresher, I use some of that. But toward evening, I go for those exotic aromas that are supposed to send all men to their doom. Maybe if you try using your perfume like this, it will have just that effect. At least, I hope so.



Vera Hruba Ralston, in a dazzling green and white diagonal striped dress, would add glamor to any farm scene. Her next picture for Republic is "Wyoming" with William Elliott and John Carroll.

Fans' Forum

Continued from page 14

the MacDonald-Eddy recording of "Indian Love Call." When the record stopped, I heard a deep sigh, and "Aren't they wonderful!" That came from a lovely little grey-haired lady old enough to be my grandmother. In talking with her I learned that she had seen "Naughty Marietta" several times in the local theaters, just as I had. The picture was almost five years old at that time.

Recently my young sister-in-law came running in to tell me about a most wonderful movie she had seen. I expected to hear about one of her current heroes, like Van Johnson or Frank Sinatra. She had seen "Naughty Marietta" and was raving about Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald!

My small daughter is five years old. She has never seen Nelson Eddy in a movie, but while he was on the air, she listened to his program nearly every Sunday afternoon.

Now tell me this. When movie stars can appeal to all ages like this, why don't we see more of them on the screen? Is it a shortage of suitable stories, negligence on the part of producers, or some other reason?

MRS. THOMAS P. HOWARD, Hereford, Tex.

LIMELIGHT CLIFTON WEBB

\$1.00

Perhaps it was the propitious time to see the movie that made me appreciate the rôle and performance of the bachelor uncle, Elliott Templeton, as played by Clifton Webb in "The Razor's Edge." Perhaps it was because he was the only character, in my opinion, that truly emerged in either the book or the movie, but for me, he stole the show. Even in his rather embarrassing last scene, his ironic death-bed act, I was convinced he was a flesh-and-blood character, not just a fiction-figment. The film showed in our town during the gala holiday season and it supported my belief (and what person doesn't like their convictions supported?) that if you let yourself become inane enough, society, no matter on what plane, can rule you. It made me want to go home and hibernate for the rest of the winter and get down to honest-to-goodness hard work, for it has been my humble observation that social butterflies are about the same in Podunk Center as in Paris.

It was evident throughout the movie that Clifton Webb was the one who drew the



Vera, during recent visit in New York, fills a guest spot on Maggie McNellis' radio show.

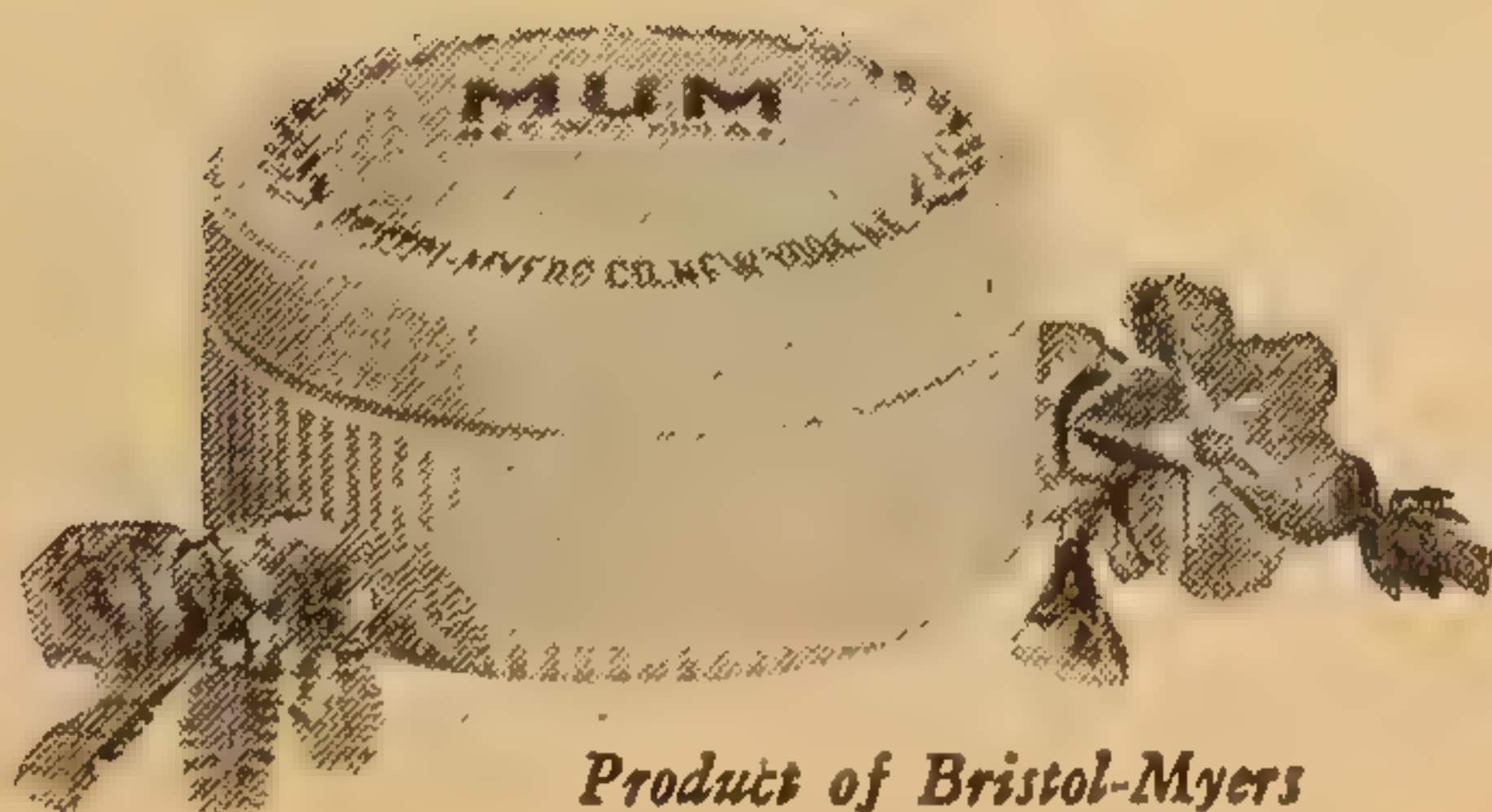


That April shower won't bring you flowers!

LEAVES YOU whistle-clean and sweet—a refreshing shower like that. But don't stop there, honey. Think of your *future* charm!

Remember, your bath washes away *past* perspiration, but Mum protects underarms against risk of odor *to come*.

Mum



Product of Bristol-Myers

So follow up your bath with safe, dependable Mum. That's the way so many popular girls win bouquets and *keep* a beau enamored.

→ better because it's Safe

1. **Safe for skin.** No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.
2. **Safe for clothes.** No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics.
3. **Safe for charm.** Mum gives sure protection against underarm odor all day or evening.

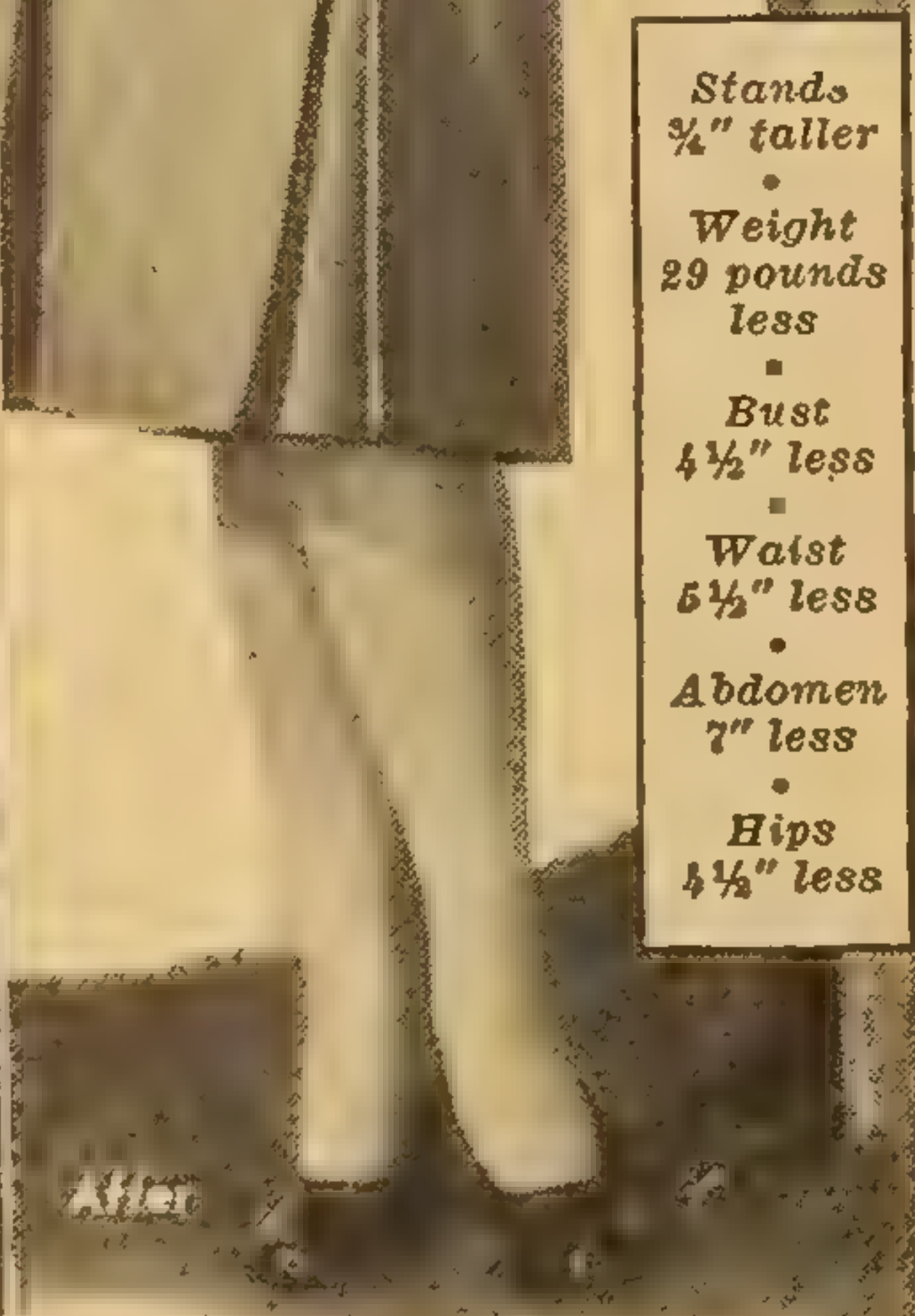
Mum is economical, too. Doesn't dry out in the jar—stays smooth and creamy. Quick, easy to use—even after you're dressed.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.

"More Dates-More FUN!"

—says Barbra Whittemore
of East Lansing
Michigan

"I was a social blackout," says Barbra Whittemore, "a fat girl in a college town. But the DuBarry Success Course changed all that!" Now she's a slim, trim beauty, with a smooth lovely skin. Result: more dates, more fun than ever before for Barbra. "The Course," she says, "was worth its cost tentimes over."



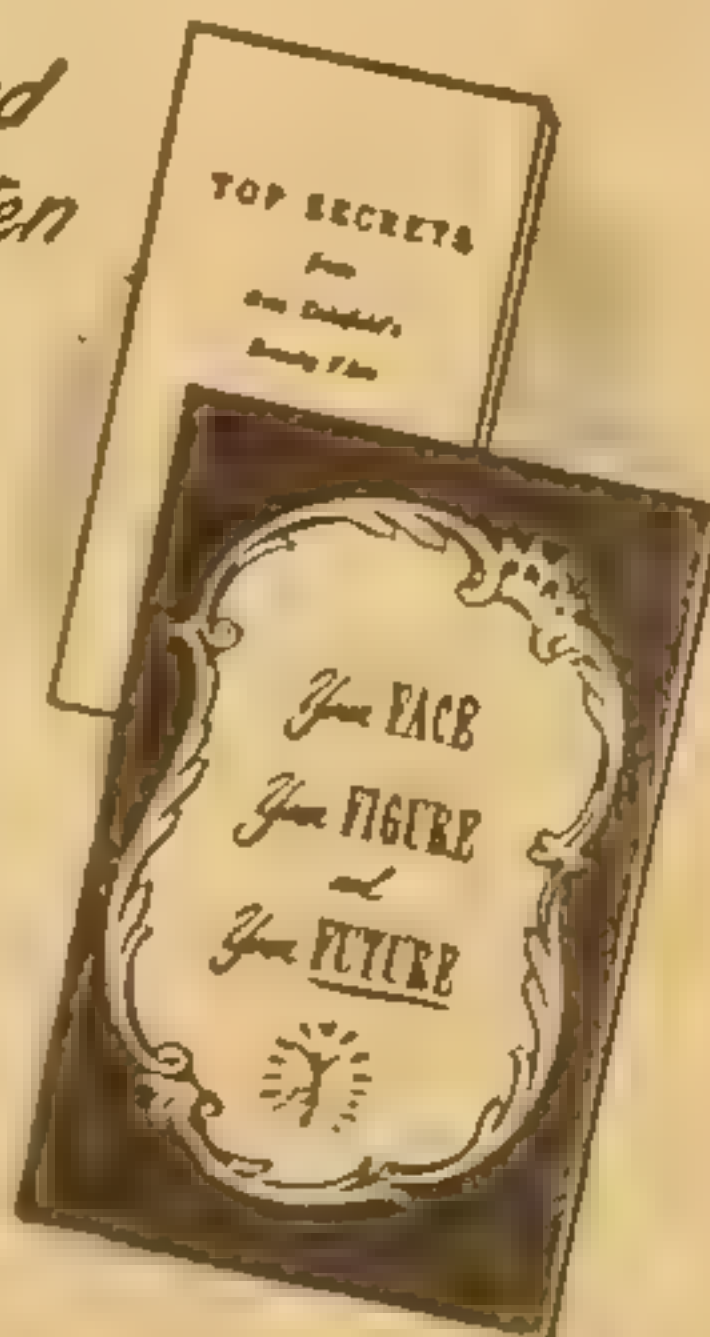
Stands
¾" taller
•
Weight
29 pounds
less
•
Bust
4½" less
•
Waist
5½" less
•
Abdomen
7" less
•
Hips
4½" less

Be the woman you want to be!

Unhappy about *your* looks? The DuBarry Success Course shows *you*, right at home, how to lose or gain weight, remodel your figure, have a smooth, glowing skin, style your hair, use make-up for glamour, be at your best. It's exciting and it's fun. You follow the same methods taught by Ann Delafield at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon, Fifth Ave., New York.

FREE! Two Beauty-Packed Booklets to Brighten Your Future—

- 1 **Top Secrets from Ann Delafield**—13 wonder-working ways to help you have a lovelier face and figure.
- 2 **Your Face, Your Figure and Your Future**—the thrilling story of the DuBarry Success Course. How it works, what it has done for more than 300,000 others, what it can do for *you*.



Send Coupon NOW!

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Please send me, free, the two booklets: "Top Secrets from Ann Delafield," and "Your Face, Your Figure and Your Future."

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most self-enjoyment from his work. He loved every minute of being *Elliott Templeton*. Of course, this is due to the character he is portraying as opposed to the more serious one of *Larry, Isabel, and Sophie*, to mention the more important ones. It was always a treat to me when Clifton Webb came chatting onto the screen in his delightfully urbane clothes, and his ridiculously amusing air of sophistication. But even though he had the advantage of being the light touch to a heavy drama (that never really revealed its message), I think his background of theater and his delightful talents have shown up to snatch the limelight in a "star-dusted" movie. I, for one, am ready with my hearty congratulations for a charming performance, and will be happy if some Hollywood director magically pulls him out of the proverbial hat for another show, but soon.

MARJORY BASSETT, Hutchinson, Kans.

PETITION FOR PARTITION

\$1.00

After many troubled years of movie-going, I have come to the conclusion that what theaters need is to be divided into sections—a section for children where they can freely romp, squirm, giggle, whimper and swap seats to their hearts' content; a section for eaters in which to chomp, rustle cellophane bags, crack peanuts, and smack in gay abandon—with their kind; a section for talkers; a section for smokers; a section for neckers. And then—a section reserved exclusively for those who came to see the picture! Utopia!

DAISY CHAPMAN, San Francisco, Calif.

CONTESTED BEAUTY

\$1.00

After reading Lupton A. Wilkinson's choice of the seven most beautiful women



Here's Betty "Legs" Grable as her fans like to see her—rehearsing dance number for the new 20th Century-Fox Technicolor musical extravaganza, "Mother Wore Tights."

DON'T *CONDEMN* JANET AMES
UNTIL YOU'VE SEEN THE PICTURE!



COLUMBIA PICTURES
presents

ROSALIND
**RUSSELL • MELVYN
DOUGLAS**

in
The Guilt of Janet Ames

with SID CAESAR • BETSY BLAIR
NINA FOCH

Screenplay by Louella MacFarlane, Allen Rivkin, Devery Freeman

Directed by HENRY LEVIN



GIRLS! Want quick curls?

WHAT girl doesn't want quick curls these days! Especially when that favorite fella gives you a call at the last minute. With New Wildroot Hair Set you can set that favorite hair-do in less time. It's absolutely tops for quick good grooming that's so important these days. New Wildroot Hair Set contains processed Lanolin. Leaves any texture of hair soft, natural-looking, and at its lovely best. Replaces old-fashioned thick gummy wave sets. Light bodied. Faster drying. Lets you style your favorite hair-do at home quickly, without fuss or disappointment.



NEW WILDROOT HAIR SET

64 ACTUAL PHOTOS of the Favorite WESTERN STARS



Roy Rogers

Including Sunset Carson, Gene Autry, Tex Ritter, "Wild Bill" Elliott, Bob Steele, Bill "Hop-along" Boyd and many others. Action poses, portraits, and on horseback.

50c

FOR THE COMPLETE SET OF 64

Catalog of 100's of stars with first order.



on the screen, I found myself disagreeing wholeheartedly on Anna Lee, Frances Dee, Ilona Massey and Virginia Bruce. However, I do agree on his choosing Joan Fontaine, Vivien Leigh and Madeleine Carroll, for they are lovely. Alongside these beauties I would put the most beautiful of them all, the one and only incomparable Ingrid Bergman, and also Greta Garbo, Merle Oberon and Linda Darnell. With the radiant Miss Bergman reigning as Queen, these are the seven most beautiful women, not only on the screen, but in the world.

VIVIAN ROSENBERG, New York, N. Y.

JUST FANCY WORDS?

\$1.00

I seem to remember a lot of fancy words about the rosy post-war era when all actors returned from the war would have a chance to achieve greater heights of stardom than they had ever known. Hollywood was going to welcome them with open arms, cast them in suitable vehicles, and bring them before the American public, giving that critical audience the chance to decide the fate of these former stars.

However, one of my favorite actors is conspicuous by his absence. It's been about three years since he was medically discharged from the Coast Guard, but not one picture has he made. And, doggone it, I miss the guy!

Well, peace has come. The boys have returned to Smithville, to Podunk, yes, and to Hollywood. Some have returned to enjoy the success they dreamed about during the long bitter months overseas.

How about giving the young people of today a chance to know and love the Richard Cromwell we all adored yesterday? He has the clean-cut, wholesome look and the boyish sincerity that the American public is clamoring for and he would, if given the chance, equal and far surpass the newer, less-experienced actors who are winning fame today.

All in favor of Dick Cromwell's return to the screen, say "Aye!"

JEAN M. LEISKE, Rochester, N. Y.

SHORTER FILMS

\$1.00

We hear so much nowadays of longer pictures and innumerable films boasting

"super" casts, "hooper" casts, and "dooper" casts. Why doesn't some producer put out shorter pictures with fewer people?

For instance, how about a series of, say, three 30-minute pictures, run consecutively, instead of one 90-minute picture?

Couldn't be popular? Why not? What were "Meet Me in St. Louis" and "Flesh and Fantasy" but a series of non-related incidents, excellent in themselves, illogically linked together in a concession to the so-called popular taste?

As for reducing the size of casts, why doesn't some producer induce Cornelia Otis Skinner or Ruth Draper to do an hour or even a 90-minute series of their famous character sketches?

JAMES L. CAREY, Chicago, Ill.

ALL PROFIT

Honorable Mention

A big executive of a movie company declared that profits for 1946 would be in the super-colossal class. Figuratively speaking that means about \$130,000,000 with dividends probably around \$42,000,000. I feel as though I represent part of that Hollywood income. And I consider the cost of my theater ticket a worthwhile investment when a melodrama like "Cloak and Dagger" is offered.

This is one movie that is exactly what the title promises. The camera work and background music are suitably sinister. Tenseness, excitement, glamor and sex are professionally blended to order for Gary Cooper and Britain's Lilli Palmer who makes her Hollywood debut an impressive one.

As far as genuine ability is concerned, a realistic touch is added to "Cloak and Dagger" by the outstanding performance of Vladimir Sokoloff, as the frightened, tortured little Dr. Poldo. Some of the best scenes concern the scientists portrayed in this film. Punch and plausibility is heightened by Helene Thimig, as the hunted elderly woman scientist, who takes second place acting honors.

When more films with well-written dialogue, generous helpings of suspense and a story that keeps the action moving at a swift and engrossing pace, such as "Cloak and Dagger," appear, then I won't mind adding further to Hollywood's pot of gold.

JOSEPH C. SALAK, Chicago, Ill.



Reconciliation: after their six-month trial separation, Linda Darnell and Peverell Marley will try to make a go of their marriage as soon as Linda finishes "Forever Amber."

Guide To Glamor

Up-to-the-minute news about beauty
to help you to a lovely spring



Andrea King uses her all-around brush as often as her comb. Next pic is "The Man I Love."



Revlon does it again with "Certainly Red" and "Quiet Pink" for lips and fingertips.



All in one and it matches. Fiesta—a real red makeup by Woodbury.

THERE are lots of new items on the market this spring to make a lovelier you. Starting at the top, there's the new Hughes "all-around" brush that Andrea King thinks is a dandy. The bristles are long and your scalp will tingle pleasantly after your daily brushing.

For a spring blush to your complexion, Woodbury's new "Fiesta" Matched Make-up is just the thing. The powder is a new-new shade and the matching lipstick and rouge are a true red without any blue in them. Woodbury got the name "Fiesta" from the motion picture of that name which stars glamor gal Esther Williams and Cyd Charisse. You'll like the picture as well as the makeup.

Leave it to Revlon to set the pace for

fingernail fashion. This time the sensations are "Quiet Pink," a soft, dusky pink velvet tone which goes lovely with pastels, and "Certainly Red," a clear red-red for those who want bright color. We think both make excellent compliments for new spring clothes. There are flattering lipsticks to match. Revlon also has a new "Natural" lipstick which they didn't have before, and it's a match for the natural polish which has been a popular color for years.

If you're looking about for a new perfume, Shulton's Desert Flower is a delightful bewitching fragrance, which we understand was inspired by the haunting beauty of the American desert. Sounds exotic, doesn't it?



That Bandbox Look

isn't come by accidentally, Lamby

... You achieve it only by

paying close attention to the

little details of grooming ...

The prettiest hair-do, for instance, can go limp around the edges fast

—if you don't anchor it with

Bob Pins that have a Stronger Grip.

And that means DeLong Bob Pins.

Stronger Grip

Won't Slip Out

They're made of high-carbon steel so they can't slip and slide and they keep their snap and shape indefinitely.

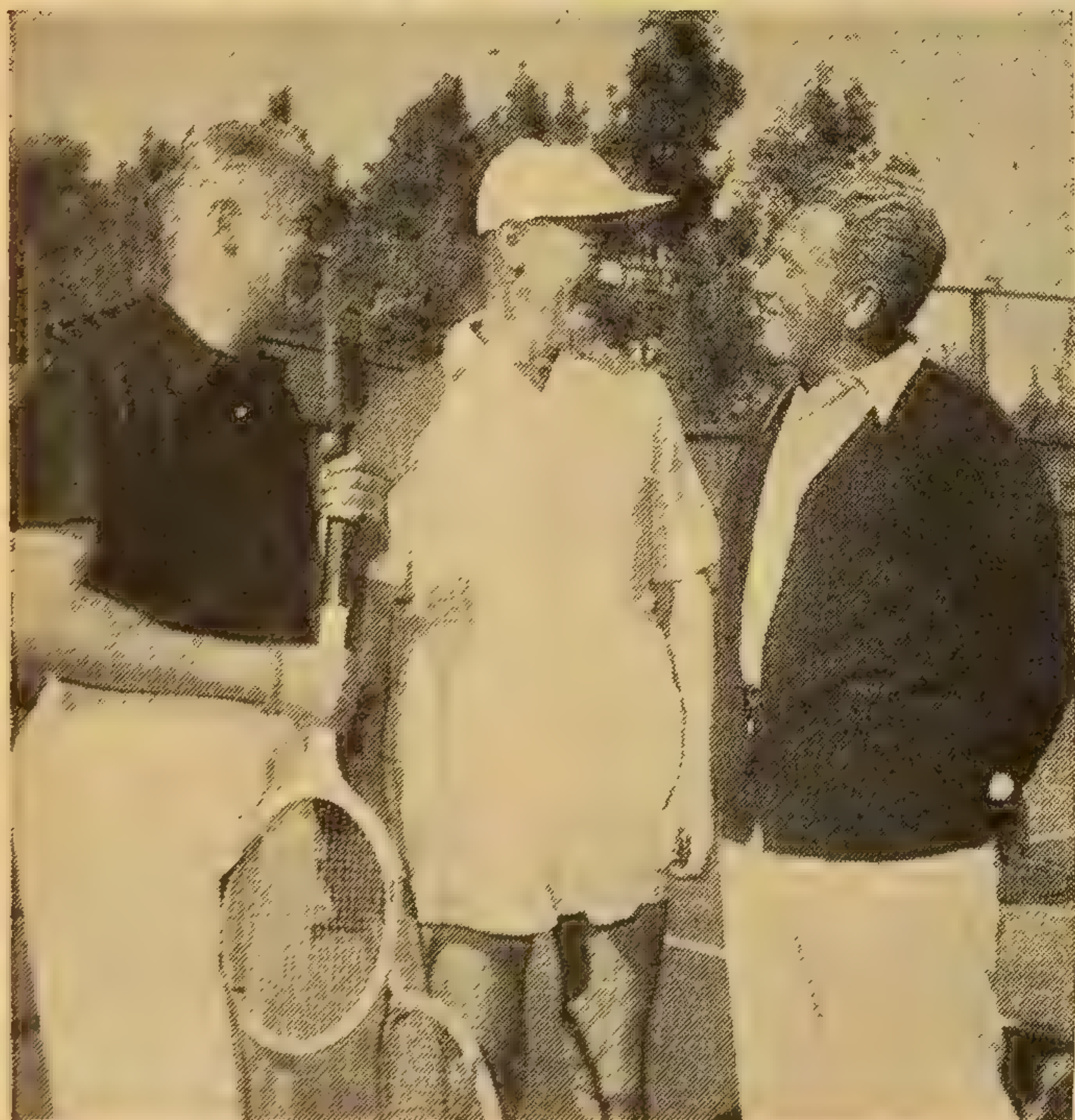


Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years
BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
SNAPS PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS

Silent screen star Charlie Farrell—some of you will remember him with Janet Gaynor in "Seventh Heaven" and other oldies—is host-owner of the Palm Springs Racquet Club. Charlie is seen, below, with Cary Grant and Spencer Tracy. Right, Cary and William Powell enjoy a pool-side al fresco. Center below, host Farrell huddles with Paul Lukas, wearing white visor, and Spence Tracy after a fast set. Bottom of page, Ken Murray with Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Bergen. Lower right, camera-shy Tracy tries to out-stare the camera man.

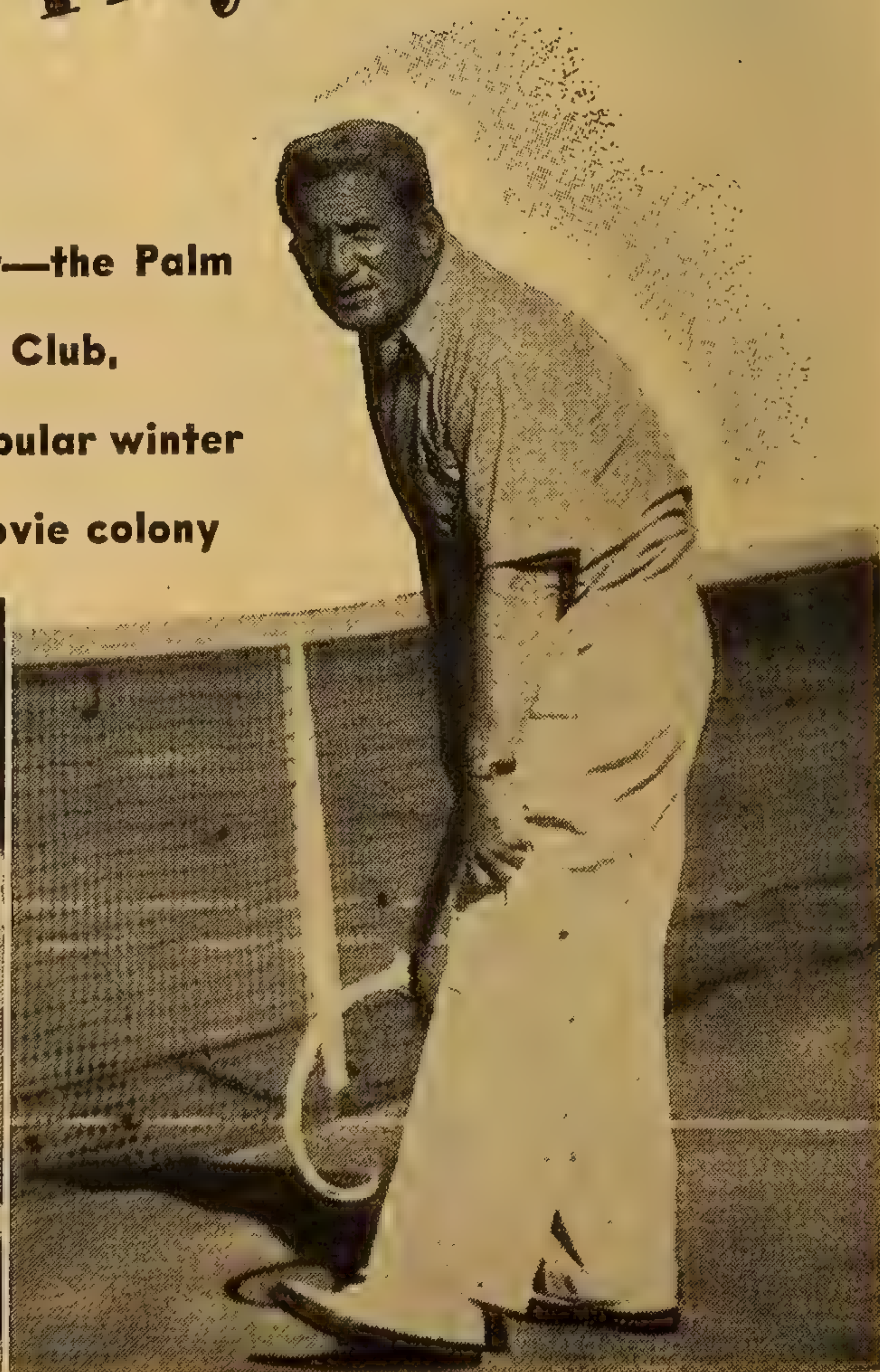
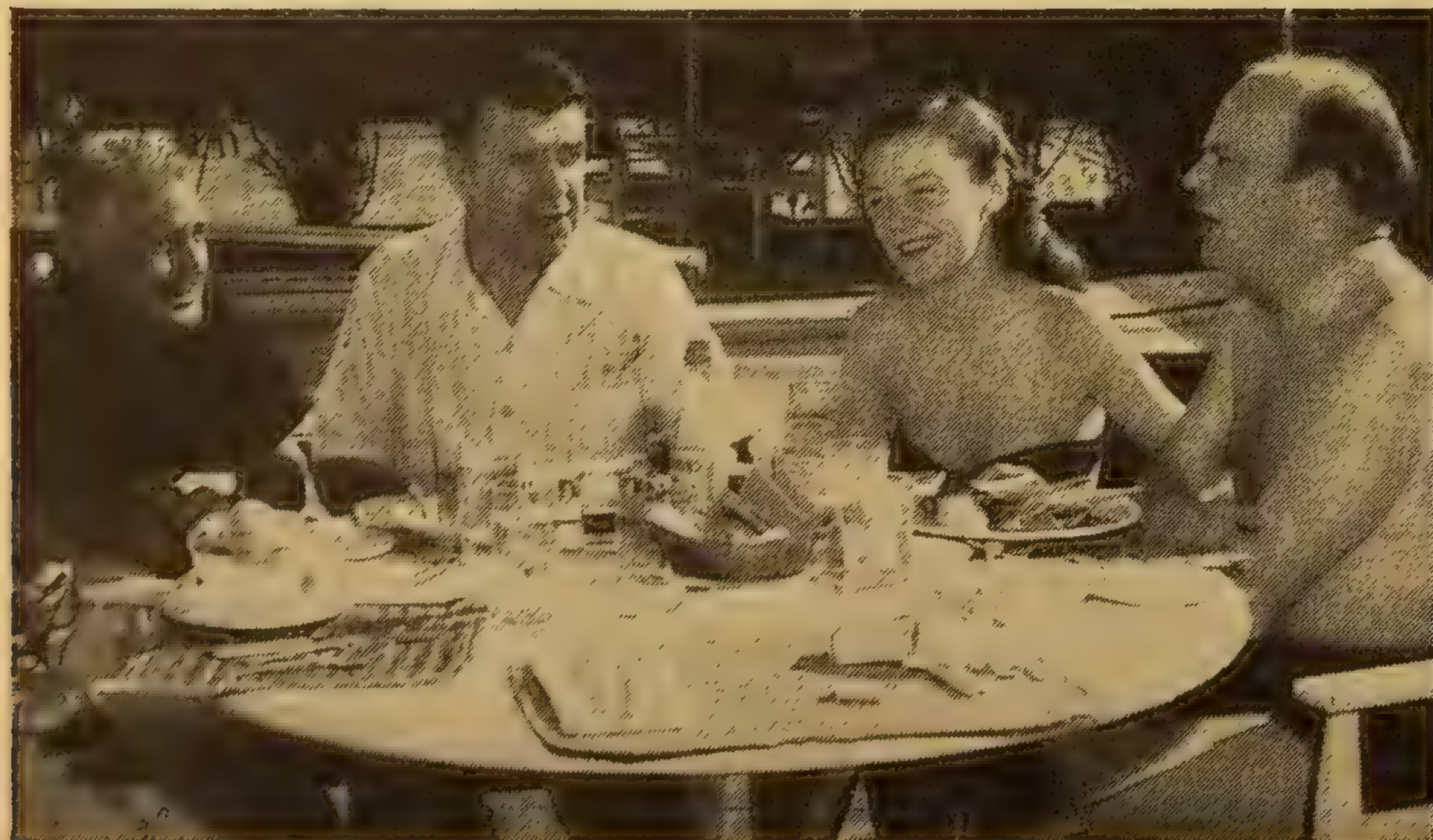


Photos by Bernard of Hollywood



Palm Springs Playtime

**It's a Racquet—the Palm
Spring Racquet Club,
that is—popular winter
resort of the movie colony**



*P-s-s-t, Pal—
No Encores!*



HERE HE WAS, trying to get away from an attractive and popular girl whom he had spent half an evening trying to meet.

She, happy in his arms, was unconscious of it all until he led her to a seat, excused himself abruptly, and walked out of her life forever. She was hurt and puzzled; hurt because she was beginning to like him immensely; puzzled because she was not accustomed to being treated that way by any man.

And, ordinarily, she wouldn't have been so treated, but tonight it was a different matter . . . for a reason* that she would be the last to suspect.

It Could Be You

That's what often happens to a girl when she gets careless . . . *could happen to you.* Anybody—you included—can have halitosis (unpleasant breath)* at some time or other without realizing it.

When you *do* offend this way you may find yourself on the social black-list. Bad news like this travels fast, and is hard to live down.

Ask Yourself This

Isn't it foolish to take chances when Listerine Antiseptic offers such a simple, wholly delightful precaution? Simply rinse the mouth with it before any date where you want to be at your best. Almost at once your breath becomes fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

Before any date... **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC** *for oral hygiene*

His Dream!

Her Love!

"... a filly that doesn't tame easy... long-limbed and deep through the heart!"

"... broad in the shoulder... with fire in his blood... and not too easy to hold on to!"

**CORNEL
WILDE**

**MAUREEN
O'HARA**

*Your
Kind of
Romance!*

**THE
HOMESTRETCH**

in **TECHNICOLOR**

20th
CENTURY-FOX
ROMANCE!



GLENN LANGAN · HELEN WALKER

JAMES GLEASON · HENRY STEPHENSON · MARGARET BANNERMAN · ETHEL GRIFFIES · TOMMY COOK

Directed by BRUCE HUMBERSTONE · Produced by ROBERT BASSLER · Original Screen Play by Wanda Tuxbeck

Love Story



By Kate Holliday

BY THE time you read this, Bonita Granville will be Mrs. J. Devereaux Wrather, Jr., and very happy about the whole thing. There will have been a small, private ceremony, attended only by the families of the bride and groom, and a reception afterwards at which a limited number of the newlyweds' friends made very merry. The group will also have been happy about the whole thing.

The marriage of "Bunny" and Jack (you know you couldn't possibly go around calling a guy "J. Devereaux!") culminates something pretty rare in Hollywood, something approximating a fairy tale without being corny about it. Bunny, of course, you know well. You've seen her tiny bloneness bouncing through movies since she was seven years old. You remember her particularly as the totally horrible child in "These Three" and as the girl who was whipped in "Hitler's Children." You will see her shortly as the leading lady in a murder called "The Guilty," a story put on the

screen by none other than J. Devereaux Wrather. "The Guilty" is Jack's first attempt at motion picture production. And we think it is going to be the "sleeper" of the year.

But don't make the mistake we did about Jack. You see, when we heard the man was a producer, we immediately got a mental picture of a middle-aged gent with a big cigar, a tough, chilly character whose only aim in life was to snag at least seventeen million from his screen efforts. That was what we thought *before* we met Jack. When we took our first gander at the gentleman, we (Please turn to page 73)

Don't they look "in love"? Jack Wrather, wealthy Texas oil tycoon, and Bonita share mutual interests in pictures on this page.

*Bonita Granville's real life
romance with Jack Wrather
could only happen
in Hollywood*

Exclusive photos by Jack Albin





Lilli Palmer Harrison is an accomplished artist. Above, she stands beside a self-portrait in oils. You saw the lovely lady opposite Gary Cooper in "Cloak and Dagger," her first American movie, released by Warner Bros.

YOUR first impression, when you enter the home of Rex Harrison and his wife, Lilli Palmer, is that this is just the kind of home you've always imagined a movie star lives or should live in. It has an air of gracious living about it, which you usually get only in movie versions of the way in which cultured people are supposed to live. It's a white, two-storied home in Holmby Hills, furnished in excellent taste in Regency nineteenth century furniture.

A white tufted rug covers the entire length of the living room floor. On one side of the room is a piano; on the other side of the room is a fireplace—not one of your phoney modern humbug affairs made up to look like a fireplace, but one that burns real logs. The smell of the

embers is still in the air as you enter. There are beamed ceilings and white walls on which you notice a couple of etchings and several paintings, mostly landscapes. Looking at them more closely, you discover that two of the landscapes—one of an olive orchard at La Quinta and one of Lake Arrowhead—are by Lilli Palmer.

A few moments later she and Rex come hurrying into the house. Laughingly, he apologizes. "Pardon my beard," he says, as you take in the strange new growth on his face. "I've been testing for a dual rôle in 'The Ghost and Mrs. Muir.' I play the ghost of a sea captain of about the year 1890, and his gay, villainous cousin, so the studio has been testing me both with and without a

At Home

with the REX

HARRISONS

To visit the Harrisons at home is
like having a front-row seat at a
delightful drawing-room comedy

By Dora Albert





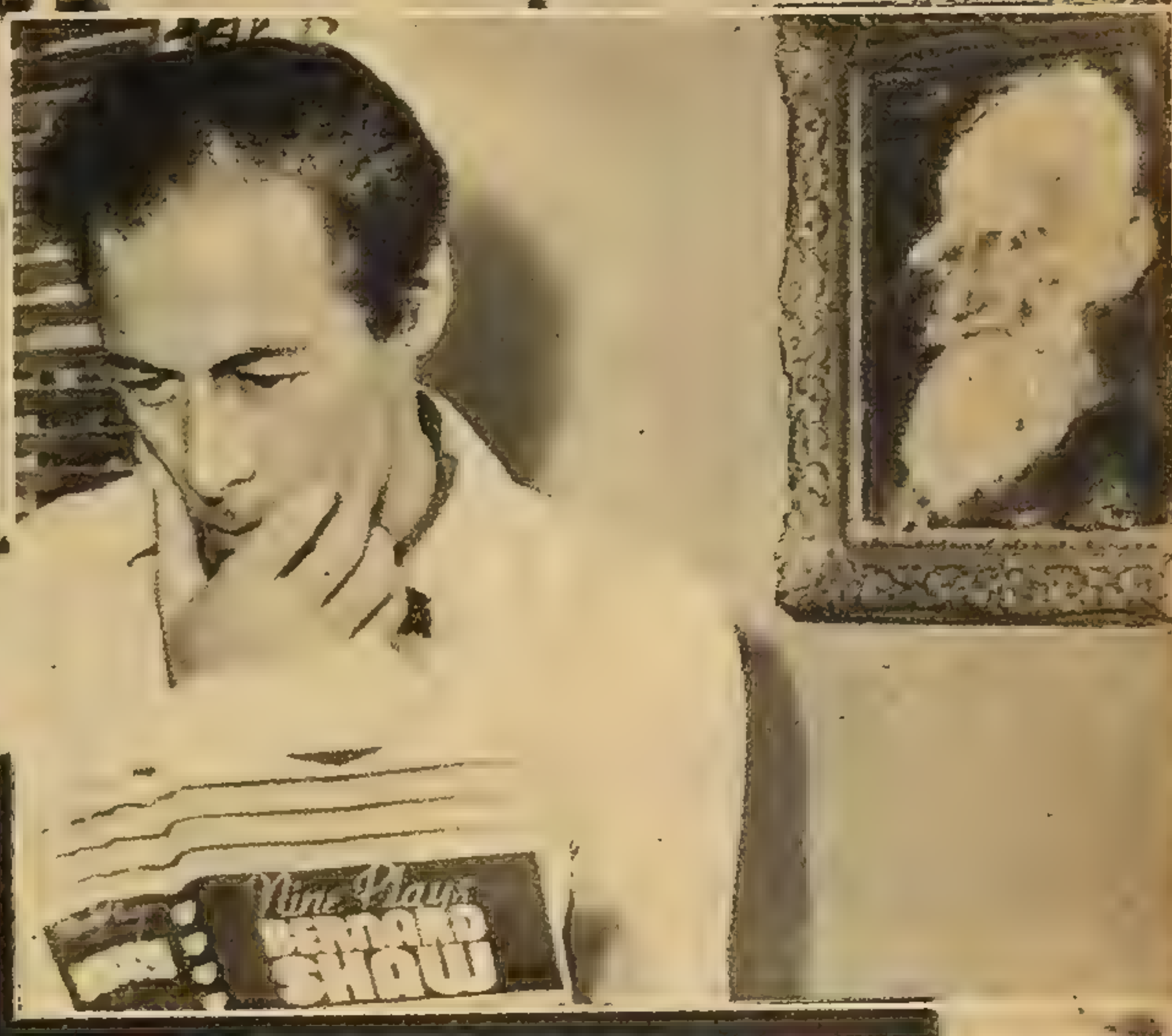
Exclusive
home photos
by 20th
Century-Fox

beard. Probably I'll end up playing one of the rôles without a beard, and the other with one."

We walked through the sun room with its huge French windows out to a pleasant table set up in the covered brick terrace. An unobtrusive houseman, William, quietly brought food to the table while we continued to chat. In a screened crib on the lawn I caught a faint glimpse of Master Carey, the Harrisons' two and a half year old son, stirring slightly in his sleep.

"The newspapers have been saying," I told Lilli, "that Rex is opposed to your career and wants you to give up acting. Is that true?" (Actually the newspapers had gone even farther than that. One columnist had printed the surmise that the Harrisons were on the verge of a separation be- (Please turn to page 80)

Following his smash success in "Anna and the King of Siam," Rex Harrison co-stars with Gene Tierney in "The Ghost and Mrs. Muir," for 20th Century-Fox. Rex and wife Lilli, pictured here at home, co-starred in "Notorious Gentleman."





"Story" with a Seque

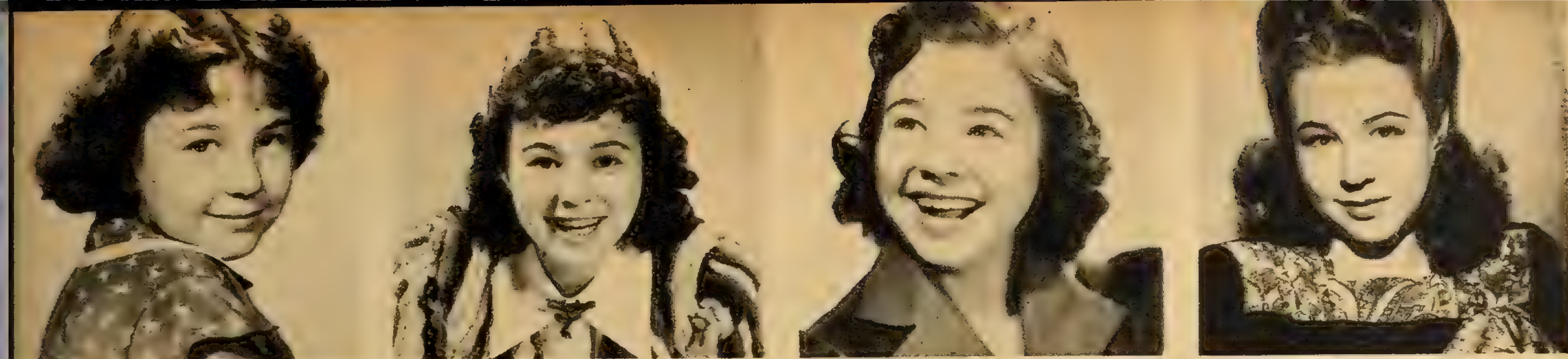


Following "The
Jolson Story"
success, Larry
Parks leaps in
to a Robin
Hood rôle in
the Columbia
picture "The
Swordsmen"



Far cry from his Al
Jolson character is
Larry's new swash-
buckling rôle. At
left, Parks in person.





Remember when Jane Withers was the bad little brat of so many Fox films? She was the tomboy type, while Shirley Temple was all sweetness and light. These closeups show the movie ages of Janie from kid days up to date. Today, she's starring in the Pine-Thomas production, "Danger Street," for Paramount.

SHE'S A *Big Girl* NOW

Just turned twenty, Janie has been working in pictures since she was four, has amassed a fortune, stays unspoiled

By Constance Palmer



ANYBODY who denies Jane Withers is a big girl now will have to argue it out with Janie herself. On personal appearance tours, doesn't she sing a song about how grown-up she is? Hasn't she a list of beaux as long as your arm? Hasn't she just turned twenty?

Of course. Jane isn't the usual just-turned-twenty. She's been working in pictures since she was four, has amassed a fortune and lives on a five-acre estate that has all the aspects of a production. So perhaps you could say that Jane's a paradox. She was grown-up when she clutched her first pay-check in her chubby little fist. And, at just-turned-twenty, she's as much a child as the most unsophisticated, sheltered girl who lives in any well-to-do family in any American town.

There are just the same wiener roasts and bonfires at the beach, snacks at drive-ins and dancing at the crowd's favorite night club. But, instead of names you never heard of, they're names everybody knows. Perhaps, among others, it's Farley Granger, Diana Lynn, Henry Willson, John Dall, Loren Tyn-dall, Lonnie McCallister, Freddie Bartholomew, (Please turn to page 67)



WHAT NOW,

Van Johnson?

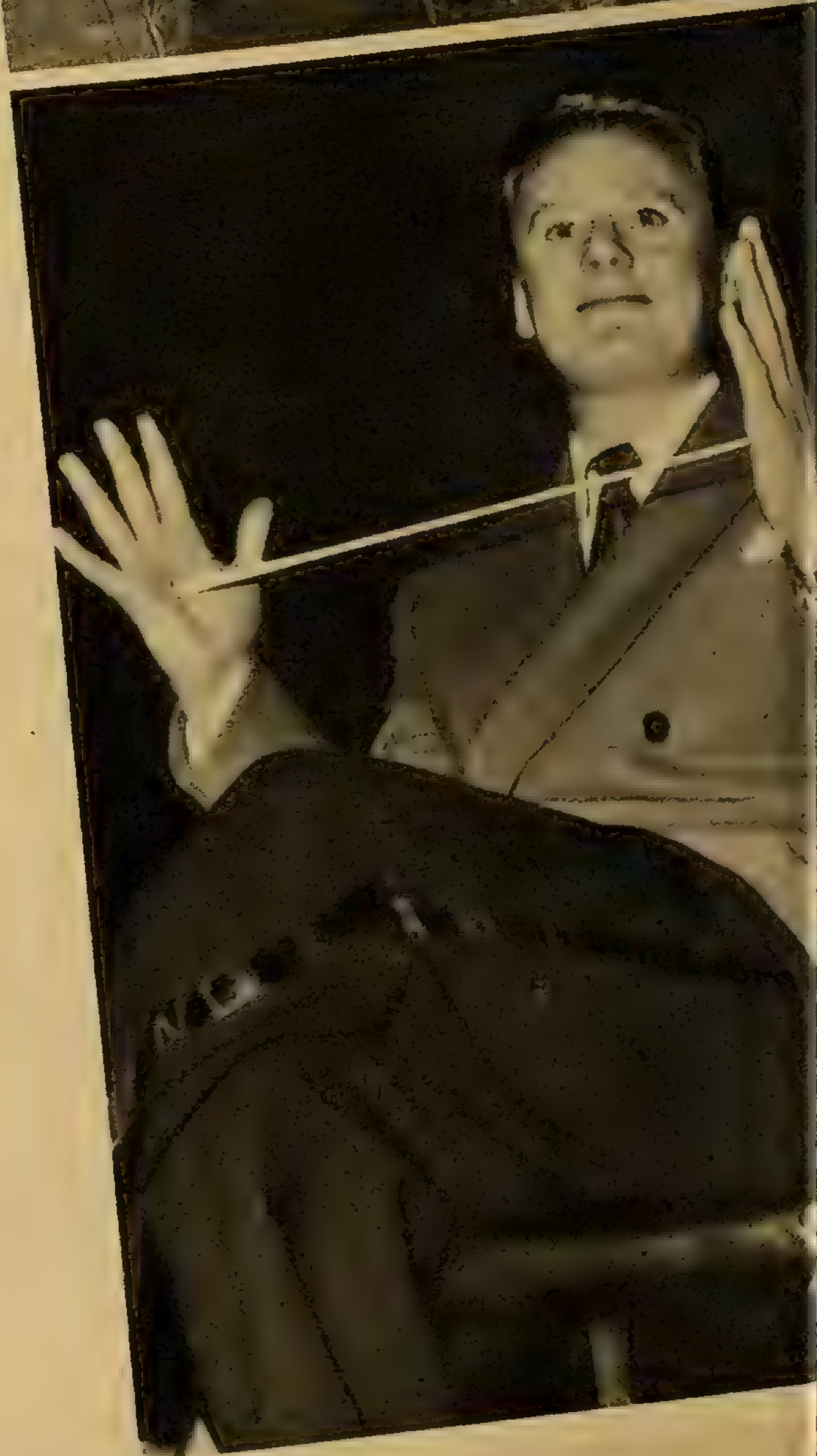
SUPPOSING you were Van Johnson? Supposing you had tasted all the frosting on the cake? Supposing you were wealthy, famous, had hit the top of your profession, had just married the woman you love? What would be new to you? To what could you look forward? The future might loom golden in the sun—but in how much sunshine can you bask without getting tired, burned and bored? In other words, what now, Van Johnson? Where do you go from here?

Millions of young fans, who will grow up to be steady housewives and wise mothers, would like to jump ahead a few years to find out whether *their* teen-age daughters will be swooning dead away twenty years from now. Will Van be only a legend then, or will he still be out there in front? Will he hold his fans over a period of years? Into what kind of a person will he have grown? Where will he be living, what will he be doing, what kind of rôles will he be playing ten years from now, fifteen, twenty? And how about his wife, the former Evie Wynn?

Over three years ago, I interviewed Van for the first time. Delight Evans, your SCREENLAND editor, had wired me: WILL YOU GET STORY ON VAN JOHNSON? Adding, GET HIM TO TALK ABOUT GIRLS, IF POSSIBLE. Even then, what Van thought about girls was important

copy. I blush to admit that when I received that wire, I didn't know anything much about Van Johnson. I hadn't seen "A Guy Named Joe." I didn't think his part in "The Human Comedy" was history-making. I knew he had been in an accident which had almost cost his life, but I really hadn't followed his career as closely as I should have.

The day I interviewed him, he was very ill with a cold. Because of his serious operation, Mugum was taking no chances on his health. During the interview a doctor with a little black bag entered the sanctuary of Dottie Blanchard's office. Dottie is the cute publicist who supervises the interviews of every important MGM star. The doctor stuck a thermometer in Van's mouth. When he took it out, it read 102°. The kid was really ill. He had felt like the devil all morning. Nevertheless, he had kept an interview appointment because he didn't want to disappoint me. Now if I had not heard too much about Van, it also worked in reverse. He certainly had never heard of me. Yet his courtesy, his ability for making the other person seem important, his utter frankness and honesty made me like him. I had listened to many success stories, and Van's wasn't noticeably different. Almost everyone has hard times before good ones. But there was an underlying sincerity, an absence of phoniness, that stuck in my memory. (Please turn to page 76)



Alyce Canfield first interviewed Van for us three years ago. Because the big blond boy likes and trusts Alyce, he gives her this new interview, which sheds light for the first time on his plans for the future. Facing page, Van's hilarious "I Won't Dance" number with Lucille Bremer in "Till the Clouds Roll By." At left, with his wife, Evie

Van is at the crossroads, in his career as well as his private life. Which way will he go from here? He talks freely and frankly to star reporter Canfield

By Alyce Canfield



Beauty into Actress

Lovely Hedy Lamarr, once acclaimed only as a charmer, proves her versatility in her second production for Hunt Stromberg, "Dishonored Lady." You'll recall that in "The Strange Woman" she was a decided menace to the men in her life. Now, in her new picture, she achieves a complete change of pace as a super-sophisticated and efficient lady editor.



Clifton WAS HERE

Like Kilroy, Clifton Webb has left
his mark in many places. Closeup of
an amazing, and beloved, character

By
Lynn Bowers

LIKE Kilroy, Clifton Webb has left his mark in many places. On the stage he was first a kid actor, then while still in his teens an operatic tenor, next a dancer whose fame equalled that of Vernon Castle, and finally an actor again—a sophisticated, polished, debonair, suave fellow. The mere fact that his name appeared at the head of a cast was a guarantee that no one would tap the producer on the shoulder and say "Pardon me, but your show is slipping." To have Clifton Webb in a play is to say the play is a hit.

Nor is he one of your recluses, confining himself merely to the "theatah." Mr. W. is a very social, sociable gentleman. His address book combines names from Who's Who, the elite of stage, screen, radio, the arts, and the letters. He knows everybody who is anybody and many who are nobody. People like him for his highly developed sense of humor, his amusing anecdotes, and his great personal charm. They wouldn't care if he didn't have the price of a headwaiter's tip in his well-tailored jeans.

Why hadn't he left his mark in pictures before he appeared in "Laura"? Because he got off to a false and annoying start several years ago, when a studio placed him under contract at a fabulous salary, then utterly ignored him. It made him so furious he would have told his business manager to return the salary checks if he'd thought of it. Instead, he packed his numerous trunks (he alibis his passion for a tremendous wardrobe, says he needs clothes for his work) and shook the Hollywood stardust from his feet, threatening darkly to bypass the cinema forever.

His motion picture career consists so far of a trio of hits, "Laura," "The Dark Corner," and "The Razor's Edge." It is flanked on both sides by starring rôles in Noel Coward plays—"Blithe Spirit"

on the first, or "Laura" flank and the current Broadway hit, "Present Laughter," on "The Razor's Edge."

During the Los Angeles engagement of "Blithe Spirit," Twentieth Century-Fox, through an intermediary, sought out Mr. Webb, object: contract. The go-between

He made his mark with movie fans in "Laura." Latest Webb characterization, below, with Gene Tierney in "The Razor's Edge."

was Webb's friend, Felix Ferry, former proprietor of Fefe's Monte Carlo in New York, who had turned agent.

"I thought Fefe was ribbing me, so I encouraged him to tell me all about this wonderful motion picture offer. It was a very amusing conversation until I discovered he really was an agent, that the studio was (Please turn to page 95)





He Dates DESTINY

How Van Heflin, all
his life, has boldly
embraced adventure

By Jerry Asher



STARTING way back at sixteen when he shipped out to sea, Van Heflin kept his first rendezvous with destiny. Since then, his affinity with life has never ceased to intrigue him. He boldly embraced adventure, explored the four corners of the earth until fate was provoked into dealing him the lion's share. It wasn't until they cast him opposite Lana Turner in "Green Dolphin Street," however, that he had the opportunity to parallel his own personality. As the romantic, menacing *Timothy Haslam*, tempestuous English fugitive, he gives one of the most powerful and mem-

orable performances of his movie career.

It was the day they shot the New Zealand earthquake sequence that Lana caught Van with a preoccupied look in his eyes. Being a bit on the psychic side herself, she detected a strange mood, something intangible. He was standing right there, and yet he seemed so remote. Lana's a lady who believes in asking questions—especially when they require answers. Waving a hand through his direct line of vision, she interrupted his reverie.

"Where were you?" she chided. "In China?"

Caught off-guard, Van looked chagrined. "As a matter of fact," he mused, "I *was* almost that far away. I was thinking back to 1929 when I actually *did* go to New Zealand. It was right after my first play, 'Mr. Moneybags,' closed, and I wasn't too happy with the results. Feeling the urge to go places, I shipped out as an ordinary seaman on a freighter. The day we docked, New Zealand was having one of its worst storms. This scene we just did is practically a retake. 'The Green Dolphin' sinks in the picture, as the boat next to us sank to the bottom. I helped with the rescues just as I 'save' your life—only there wasn't anyone on board who looked like Lana Turner! It (*Please turn to page 85*)



Latest rôle for Heflin, left: opposite Joan Crawford in Warners' "Possessed." Far left, Heflin shares acting honors with Bob Walker and little Joan Wells in MGM's "Till the Clouds Roll By."

Here's Heflin

Subject of our story
on facing page,
Van will appear op-
posite Lana Turner
in "Green Dolphin
Street" for MGM

By
Elizabeth B.
Petersen

THE LUCK of The *IRISH*

Well, when you're a gorgeous
redhead with sea-green eyes—
like Arleen Whelan—maybe luck
isn't so important, but it helps

"SHE'S got the luck of the Irish!" People have always been saying that about Arleen Whelan. They said it when she was just a little girl, so pretty even then with her dark auburn hair and her amazing sea-green eyes that anyone could see what a knockout she was going to be when she grew up. They kept on saying it back in her high school days when she was always winning scholastic and sports honors without apparently half trying. And later on movie-struck girls all over the country took up the cry when Arleen, without as much as paying a single call on Central Casting, suddenly found herself with a movie contract simply because a studio official saw a portrait of her painted by Rouben Mamoulian's wife Azadia Newman, the noted artist. What's more, and in spite of the fact that she hadn't as much as played a walk-on in even an amateur play, she was cast for a starring rôle in the first production she ever appeared in. What they didn't know then was that little Arleen Whelan had something that was going to serve her much better than the widest lucky streak ever to favor a fortunate individual. Two things, in fact. One was that rare ability for self-criticism. The other, the determination to do something about it.

She was only a kid when she started her movie career and she wasn't at all impressed with the amazing good fortune that had come her way. She'd never thought of acting as a career. All her family were musically inclined and Arleen, who'd taken piano and singing lessons since the days she was so tiny her hands couldn't stretch an octave, had taken it for granted that one day she'd make a career of music. But Hollywood wasn't going to see hair and eyes like that wasted in a concert hall. For if ever a girl was born for Technicolor, that girl was Arleen.

It had all (Please turn to page 97)

Arleen scores in Paramount's "Suddenly It's Spring," with Fred MacMurray, above. Next, in "Ramrod," with Don DeFore. At right, Arleen doesn't trust to luck to keep flawless figure.





CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
Head of the House of Tangee
and creator of Tangee Red
Majesty Lipstick and Petal-
Finish Cake Make-Up.



"Red Majesty" suits my King's taste!"

— says MRS. DICK HAYMES

Thrillingly attractive wife of the popular young singing star.

"WHETHER the problem is 'Get your man'... or 'Keep your man,' " explains pert, charming Joanne Haymes... "Red Majesty is the best friend a girl's lips can have." This new shade makes your mouth look exciting... inviting... irresistible to men! Make your next lipstick Tangee Red Majesty.

Five Famous Glamorous
Shades by Tangee



To match your Tangee Lipstick—
Tangee Rouge Vanity or Creme
Rouge Deluxe—in five flattering
shades. Also recommended is the
new Tangee Petal-Finish Cake
Make-Up... ideal in every way.

Red Majesty
NEW HIT SHADE BY
Tangee

By Marie Kirkwood

MORE than one little dame around Hollywood is wishing Liberty Films would get off the dime and start production on a Robert Stack starrer. Liberty Films intends doing just that, but they realize that they have a combination Van Johnson, Guy Madison, Sterling Hayden on their hands, and they are moving cautiously. After all, a box office bonanza is expected when the full impact of the Stack personality hits the movie public. The right come-back picture, the right presentation of an actor who has been away five years, will make the difference between a smash or a gradual success. The way Liberty figures it, why wait for a million bucks when you can collect as of now? The

way Hollywood glamor girls and bobby-sock fans figure is why wait, period? For Bob is definitely in the *hubba, hubba, hubba* class. He's clean-cut and sexy, all in one breath. He's handsome and he's also a good actor. He's strictly in the dynamite class, which isn't a bad place to be.

Bob has to be seen in person to be really appreciated. He's an actor Technicolor will discover, because black and white doesn't do him justice. In black and white, you don't see the crisp blondness of his hair, nor the blue of his eyes against his tan, nor the sparkling white-

ness of his smile. No wonder the swoon-ettes are swooning in droves. No wonder the bleachers fairly shook when Bob arrived on the scene at a recent preview. Since Bob went away to help fight a war, he has grown up. The kid who kissed Deanna Durbin is just a scrap-book memory. What Bob needed to establish him in the hearts of young fans was maturity. Today he has it, and on him, it looks good. This adulthood is evident in many things: the way he looks at life; his charm; his appreciation of things like books and music and poetry as (Please turn to page 93)

Strictly Dynamite

Bob Stack's back,
but who's got him?
Hollywood movie
lovelies are asking



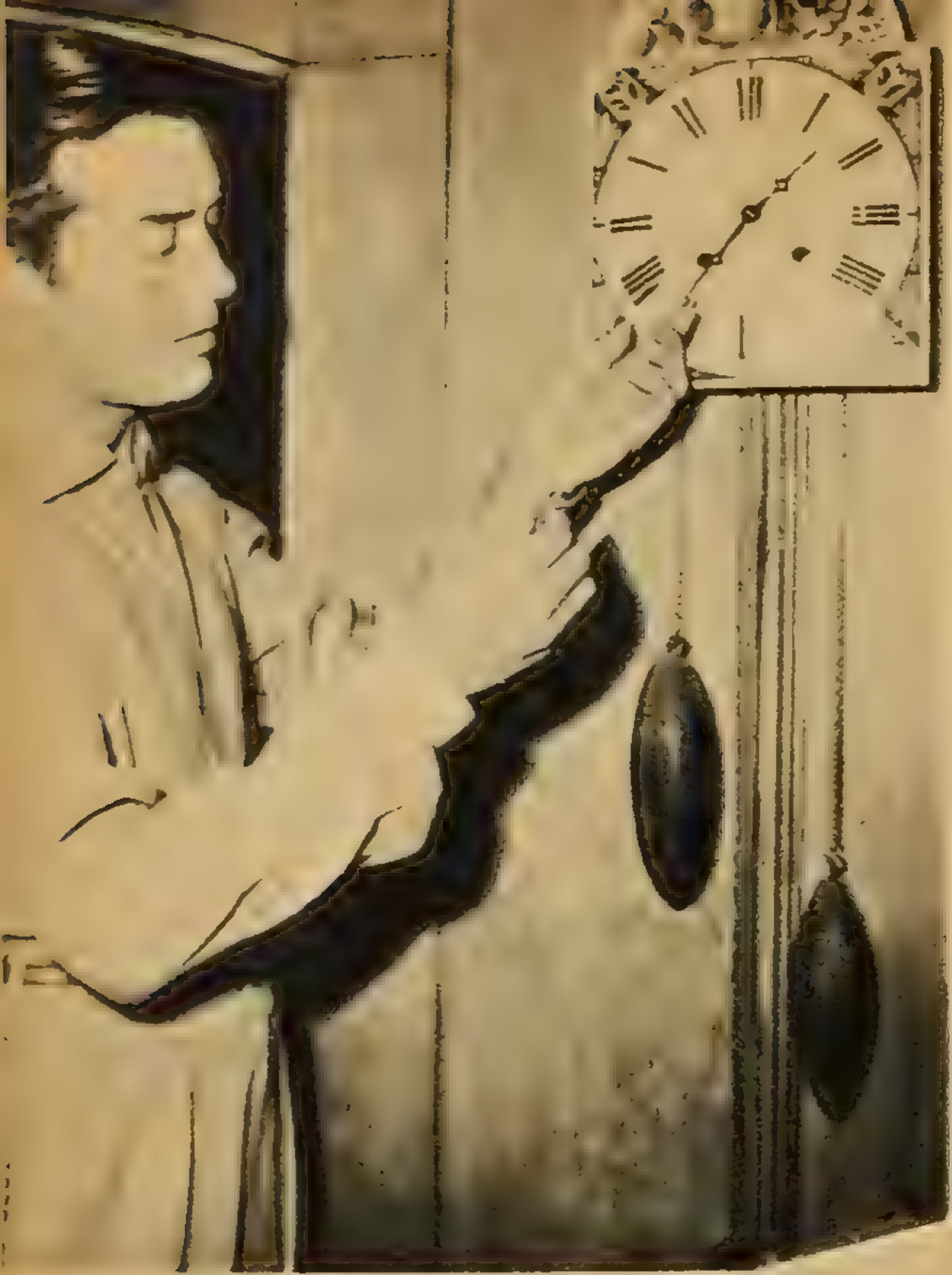
Whether they're grandmothers, like Bob's charming grandma above, or bobby-soxers, the femmes flock around the Stack boy. Back from the wars, he is concentrating on a bigger and better movie career; collects, as his chief hobby, shootin' irons.





Costume Williams

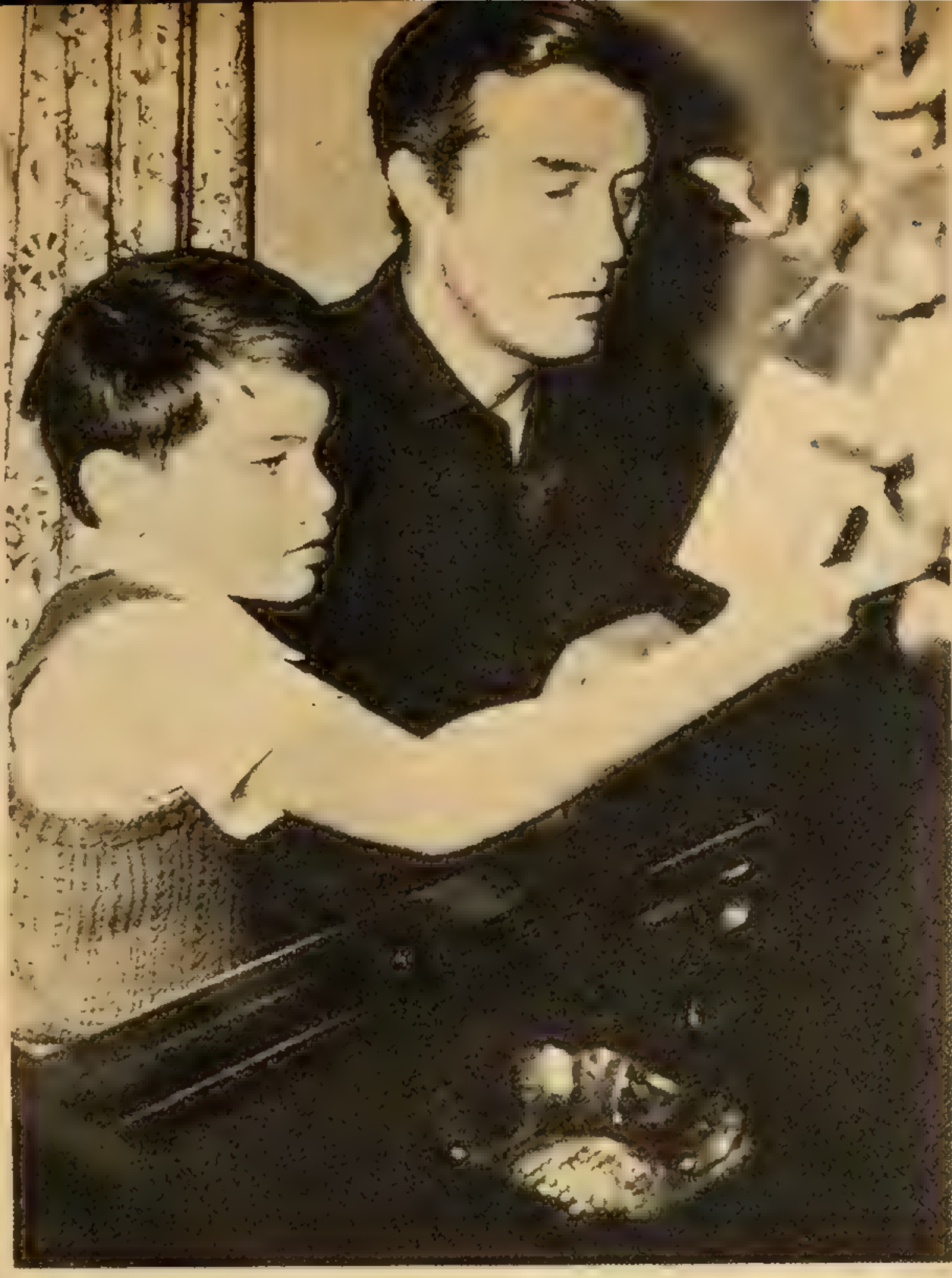
You'll see
her soon
in "Fiesta"



RAY MILLAND,
Family Man



The merry Millands:
Ray, Mal, son Danny



Six picture man! Milland has been Hollywood's busiest actor, with six pictures to his credit in one year: "The Lost Weekend," "Kitty," "The Well-Groomed Bride," "The Imperfect Lady," "I Take This Woman," and now "California," a super-Western production in Technicolor

Milland at home is just another American husband and father. He winds the clock, lends a hand on maid's day off, helps sonny with studies and scales, cheerfully takes a beating at backgammon from beautiful wife. Lower right, the unshaven, far from suave Milland you'll be meeting in Paramount's "California."

Exclusive home photos
by Bud Fraker



By Hettie Grimstead

HE'S TALL and rangy, with a fine sensitive face and a sudden attractive smile. His soft hair is dark brown and his eyes are vivid blue, gleaming with spirited courage and intelligence. He can play a love-scene exquisitely but he is not really a romantic type. He can convulse you with laughter by his awkward antics yet he is never a true comedian. Nobody can wear those unbecoming male clothes of the nineties with more charm, but you cannot describe him as essentially a character player.

"The Man of Many Parts"—that's what they call Michael Redgrave in the British studios. Ask him about it himself and he answers cheerfully, with characteristic modesty, "Why, I'm just an actor. That's all." When you come to know him better and understand his exceptional background, you don't need for him to add that he acts because he cannot help it.

He was born in the busy West Country city of Bristol thirty-nine years ago



In "The Captive Heart" Mrs. Redgrave (Rachael Kempton) plays opposite Michael. In another new English film, "The Years Between" (at right, above) Valerie Hobson performs the pleasant chore of co-starring with Redgrave.



this March (1947), into one of the old aristocratic families of the English theater. His father was the famous Shakespearean actor, Roy Redgrave, and his beautiful mother, Margaret Scudamore, has often been described as the finest stage *Ophelia* of her generation. They took Michael Scudamore Redgrave along with them to Australia soon after his birth and he was just six months old

when he made his first professional appearance, carried on to the stage in his father's arms as a baby Prince of England. He still has the embroidered crimson velvet robe which he wore on that important occasion.

When his early tutors reported he had an unusually brilliant brain, the Redgraves decided to give their son an expensive educa- (Please turn to page 70)

"Why, I'm just an actor, that's all," says Michael

Redgrave. But this Hollywood-bound British star

also spells romance for femme film fans



Man of
MANY
PARTS

★ "It Happened
on
Fifth Avenue
(And in Hollywood too)" ★



Falling in love, that is. Don DeFore and Gail Storm play the young romancers in "It Happened on Fifth Avenue" for Allied Artists Corporation, with an all-star cast including Ann Harding, Charles Ruggles, Victor Moore, and Grant Mitchell.



CONRAD JANIS is that tall, tanned, dark-eyed menace who is 20th Century's latest addition to its almost-overpowering stable of atomic-age neanderthal men, including (as if you didn't already know) Tyrone Power, Victor Mature, John Payne, George Montgomery, Cornel Wilde, Mark Stevens, and Dana Andrews. Of the entire lineup Conrad will take odds that he's got something the other boys don't have. Conrad, he'll tell you, is the only one who doesn't shave. (Well, we should hope so!)

Janis, you see, is eighteen years young.

But what an eighteen-years-old worth! He's smooth, he's cocksure, he smokes, he goes out with girls ("are you kiddin'?"), he flirts outrageously. But don't you know all that already? Didn't you go completely goofy over him, kids, soon as you saw him in "Margie"? (Listen to me rave, a great big girl like me—and a mother yet!) You might even have seen him for yourself before that in a something called "Snafu" last year—did you? If so, you know that he whizzes out on that ole screen, just stands there and—if he feels like it—makes it cry for mercy. Well, some guys have it and some guys don't have it.

Anyway, all it took for Janis to get himself turned into a movie star was forty seconds of film. Seems the kid was

being tested for the lead in the movie version of "Snafu," George Abbott had already screened everyone in town, had only forty seconds of celluloid left, Janis waltzed out, gave with a quick "my name is Conrad Janis, I'm sixteen, I—" cut. The forty seconds were up. And Janis got the part.

But there's lots more to the Janis saga before we get to "Snafu," and especially before we get to "Margie." It sounds like a lesson in How To Raise Your Child, with Conrad and his grin right there to prove it doesn't always turn out disastrously. It starts in New York City

He's eighteen. He's

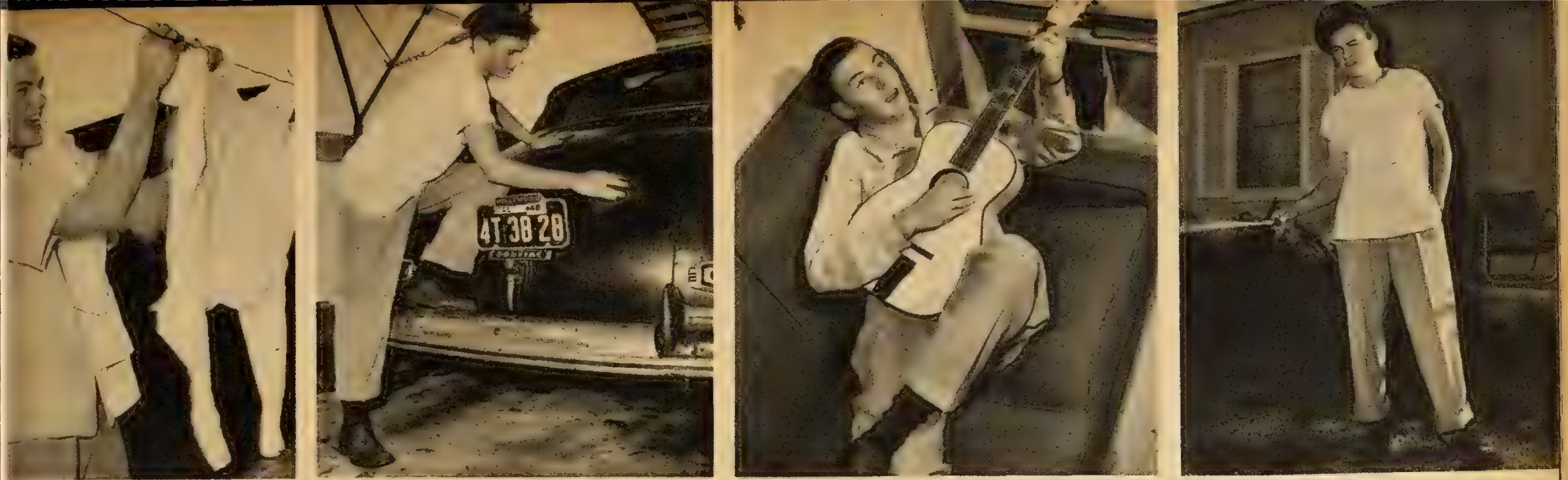
**smooth, cocksure, he
smokes, he dates girls.**

("Are you kiddin'?")



**CONRAD
JANIS -
RAH
RAH
RAH**

**By
Barbara Berch**



in a great big fancy apartment on Central Park West, with a couple of people named Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Janis. All of a sudden they're parents—and neither of them know what on heaven or earth to call the kid. So, for two weeks, the yowling infant is known as "Male" Janis, until a good friend of mama's comes

Exclusive pictures show Conrad Janis at home, and at ease. 20th Century-Fox's new star, sensational in "Margie," according to bobby-soxers' vote, will next be seen in "The Brasher Doubloon."

forth with a list of two hundred approved names for young boys and mama picks "Conrad" out of the bunch. "Conrad Janis, Conrad Janis," she muses, "ummm, sounds good." And young Male—beg pardon, Conrad—Janis takes his place on the ninth floor of the building on Central Park West.

Before we go any further, you'd better know all about mama and papa Janis.

They're art connoisseurs—but among the best. They pal around with people like Picasso (Conrad's dad is in Paris right now arranging for a new showing of Picasso works) and write books about it. Their New York apartment is hung almost solidly with some of the best art of this century. And that's the kind of atmosphere in which Conrad was weaned, raised, and (Please turn to page 88)



IF ANYTHING happens to my marriage to Cleatus Caldwell," said Bob Hutton, "I shall know that it is impossible to be happily married in Hollywood. I think we're the happiest couple in Hollywood. I have never before known such happiness. Cleatus is a perfect wife, wonderful in every way. If anything happens to this marriage, it will be entirely my fault."

If you think that those quotes came from a man who is walking on clouds, you're doing fine. For that's a perfect description of Bob Hutton at this moment. I've often seen women in Hollywood who were deliriously happy because they had found the right man and married him, but I've never before seen

a Hollywood male star so love-happy. Bob Hutton, Cleatus and I were sitting at the Players, that smart restaurant near the Sunset Strip, having lunch. They had eyes for no one but each other. Between courses, they unashamedly held hands.

Cleatus is a stunning brunette with a slim figure and long-lashed blue eyes and long and silky dark brown hair. Although she looks exactly like a cover girl, and at first sight of her you'd be willing to swear that John Robert Powers would give up a year's salary for a chance to have her on his list, actually neither Mr. Powers nor any other model agency ever got the chance, since she went straight from school into her first

marriage to Ken Murray, the comedian. She has two small sons by that marriage—Cort, two and a half years old, and four-year-old Kenneth. When she knew that her first marriage was a failure, she asked for a divorce, but the end of her first marriage left her with no feeling of bitterness, no fear of marriage itself. Bob, too, had had an unhappy first marriage, but he too believed that when he met the right person, he would be able to make a success of marriage.

Bob saw Cleatus for the first time about a year and a half ago at the Santa Anita race track. He was with another man; she was with Frances Neal (Mrs. Van Heflin.) The moment Bob saw her, he thought, "That is the most beautiful

"I
Have
Learned
Through
Love"

Says
Bob
Hutton

girl I have ever seen." Her beauty is not flamboyant; it is quiet and serene. Bob must have sensed in that first moment that with this girl he might be able to find the serenity he had never been able to find before. Since he knew Mrs. Van Heflin slightly, he went up to her, obviously aching for an introduction to the girl with the bluest eyes he had ever seen. Mrs. Van Heflin said, "Mrs. Ken Murray, Bob Hutton."

He felt a dull ache, as his dreams of getting to know her better vanished. He thought, "She's married. I'm a dead pigeon." His own marriage had ended, and he had his first divorce papers. Had this girl been free, he knew he would have liked her very much. In fact, liked

was a very mild word for the way he felt. He had heard about love at first sight, and at first sight of Cleatus Bob knew what people meant when they spoke of such a phenomenon. But boys like Bob Hutton don't go around pursuing happily married women, so it must be hello and (Please turn to page 89)

With her two sons by a former marriage, the new Mrs. Hutton is blissfully happy as a home-maker for Bob. Exclusive pictures are the first showing the devoted young couple in their new home. Bob is currently co-starring with Phyllis Calvert and Ella Raines in Universal-International's "Time Out of Mind." You'll also be seeing him soon in Warners' "Love and Learn."

**You've never seen a
Hollywood male star so
love-happy as Hutton in
his new marriage to beau-
tiful Cleatus Caldwell**

**By Sylvia
Conrad**





This particular working girl happens to be Ingrid Bergman. If you think she doesn't work, and hard, you don't know your Bergman. Top left, she swings through the Enterprise Studio gate on her way to work in "Arch of Triumph." Flowers from Producer David Lewis in her dressing-room start the day off right. Next, she concentrates on preparations for her first scene of the day with Charles Boyer. Scene is shot, as at left above. She listens attentively to Director Lewis Milestone's instructions, center, for new scene at right above, the Scherezade Café of the story. Only when day's work is done does she relax, below, to pet new kitten which dominates the gate man's office. Once Bergman is home, the press is locked out of her life. Her husband's profession as a doctor frowns on personal publicity.

JUST A DAY in the Life of a *Working Girl*





**BERGMAN SINGS
FOR FIRST TIME
ON THE SCREEN**

Only now does Bergman disclose the results of the year she studied voice. As Joan Madou, nightclub chanteuse, Ingrid wears new hairstyle and an Edith Head-created black satin topless evening gown with glove bolero.

Spring

Starting the season off right, lovely
Maureen O'Hara models these dreamy creations
by 20th Century-Fox's Kay Nelson



Spring style theme: gold and white. Golden poppies, etched on white, are used for this simply designed frock. The hat is a confection of white horsehair lace and golden flowers. This resort dress bears intimations of what Easter styles will be; indeed, the entire O'Hara wardrobe for the Technicolor film is trend-setting.

Negligée at left makes fashion news because of the daring shoulders and full sleeves on the blue chiffon under-robe, and the handsome sheen of the tufted tie-on skirt of deeper blue satin. Tie-on skirts are familiar in sports fashion, but Kay Nelson is the first to use them for boudoir costumes.

Spring

After a long series of rôles requiring period costumes, Maureen rates this modern wardrobe which she wears in "The Homestretch"



Simple dress, elaborate hat. Grey crepe is used for the frock; grey felt trimmed with two-toned grey ostrich plumes makes the hat. Monotone costumes—for Maureen's lizard handbag and other accessories are also grey—is a favorite afternoon theme for designer Kay Nelson.



Typically 20th Century fabric, ivory nylon net, is the inspiration for this evening gown, worn by Maureen O'Hara in "The Homestretch." Bands of Swiss eyelet embroidery enhance the beauty of this dress, calling attention to pointed waistline and moulded, strapless bodice.

The year's most sumptuous top-coat is this one of fine, off-white wool which Maureen O'Hara will be seen wearing in the 20th Century-Fox Technicolor film, "The Homestretch." Wonderful for resort wear, says its designer, Kay Nelson, because it can double for evening as well as daytime use. Cut on wider-than-usual lines, the coat is wrapped and belted to give it a look of luxurious bulk. Embroidered in gold bullion on the left sleeve is a crest of important proportions. The flattery of off-white is emphasized in the picturesque beret worn by Miss O'Hara below. Color-perfect for this titian-haired beauty, the hat is draped for softness, pierced dramatically with a long pheasant feather.





This is designer Kay Nelson's idea of sports-style news: a kelly green and white checked jacket worn over a classic tailored frock of white wine gabardine, with added casualness in the thin pure silk scarf printed in tones of green, pale yellow, and white.



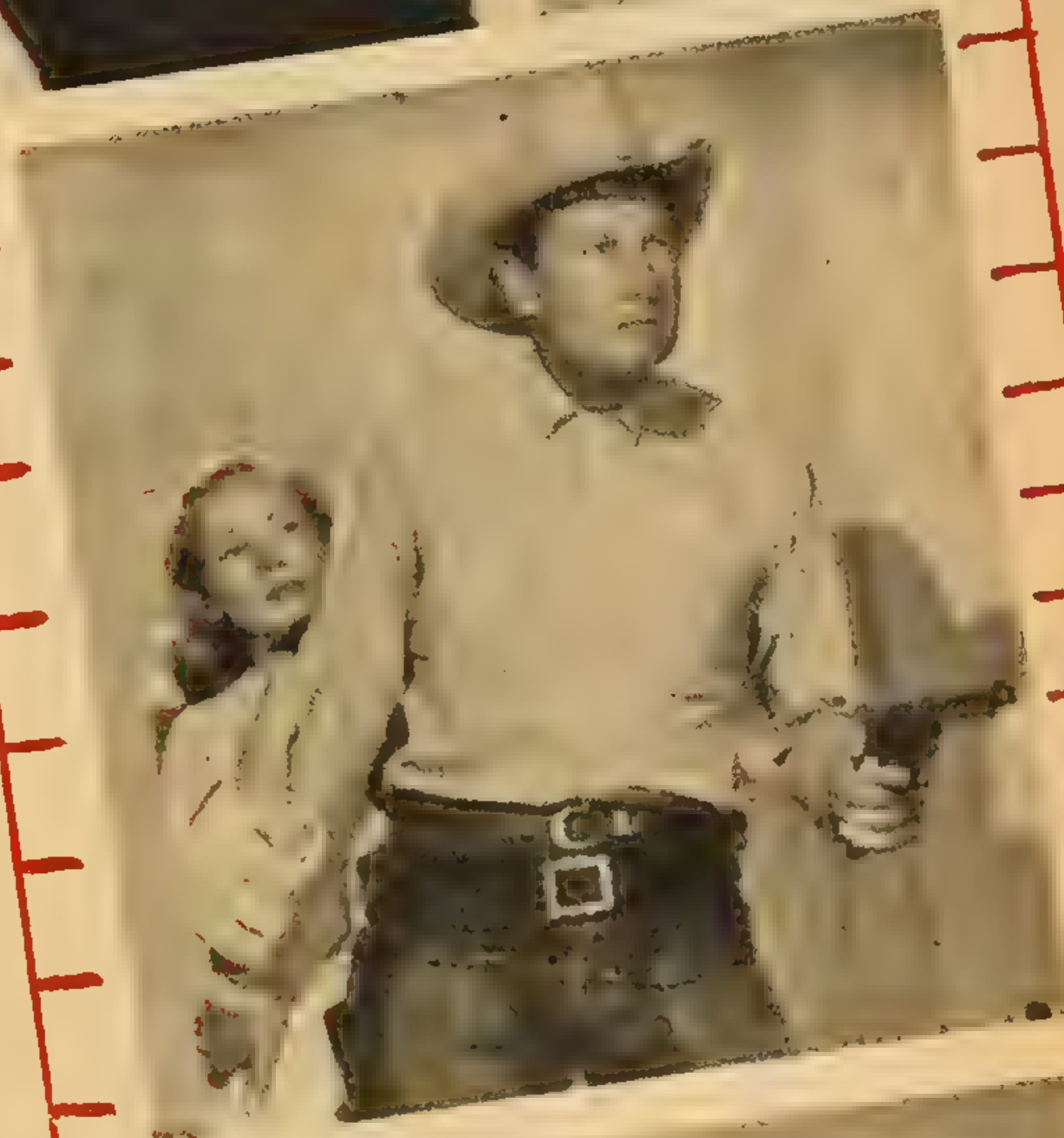
Fine navy blue and white checked woolen is a happy choice for this trim coat worn by Maureen O'Hara. Economical as to line, it takes kindly to travel and all-round wear. Maureen's accessories are navy blue, including the over-the-shoulder calfskin bag. White doeskin gloves add a filip of freshness.

Exclusive photos
by Frank Powolny



Photo Reviews

MASTERFUL MITCHUM
Bob is a bold, bad hombre as he appears in "Pursued," a rugged drama of New Mexico in which he plays a misunderstood character who goes berserk but straightens out in time for a happy ending with Teresa Wright, shown in a closeup with Mitchum at far right, facing page. "Pursued" is a United States production which will be released by Warner Bros.



"That Way with Women" is the straight-from-the-shoulder title of the new Dane Clark movie. In the scene above, Dane and Martha Vickers in one of the more placid scenes in the Warner picture. Highlight of the film, however, is the rousing battle staged by Clark and Craig Stevens. The two boys really tangle. Which one wins? You'll have to see the picture.

The Old West is really crowding onto the screens this season. Hop-along Cassidy (Bill Boyd) keeps right on roundin' up rustlers in latest of the new Hopalong series, above: "Dangerous Venture." Even Bob Walker joins up with the cowboys in "Sea of Grass." Top two scenes show Joel McCrea, Veronica Lake, Don DeFore in the first so-called "mood" Western, "Ramrod," for Enterprise.



The Dorsey brothers, Jimmy and Tommy, star as themselves in "The Fabulous Dorseys," Charles R. Rogers' picturization of the lives of the famed band-leaders.

Betty Grable and her new leading man, Dan Dailey, in "Mother Wore Tights."

★
MORE
PHOTO
PREVIEWS
 ★





Young lovers of "The Fabulous Dorseys" go into a clinch: above, Janet Blair and Bill Lundigan.

In MGM's big picture about the atomic bomb, Tom Drake and Beverly Tyler provide lighter note.

Also involved in the drama of "The Beginning or the End": Bob Walker and Audrey Totter.



New Katharine Hepburn-Spencer Tracy co-starring film is "Sea of Grass," from Conrad Richter's novel about the great land movement into New Mexico at the turn of the century. To Tracy, the grazing lands are beautiful; to Hepburn, mysteriously frightening. In the cast, Melvyn Douglas plays another suitor, left; Phyllis Thaxter portrays the daughter of the stars in MGM's forthcoming drama.



Anne Baxter, the rage of the moment since "The Razor's Edge," with hubby John Hodiak.



Jennifer Jones, at left above, sits calmly waiting for her picture "Duel in the Sun" to begin at the première showing in Hollywood. At right, Jean Pierre Aumont and Greg Peck, another of the big stars in the Selznick picture, attend the producer's party.



Above, Bill Holden and Mrs. MacDonald Carey; below, Cathy Downs, Guy Madison and Diana Lynn.



Esther Williams, Ben Gage and Janet Blair add their share of gaiety to the première party.



HERE'S *Hollywood*

Gossip by Weston East

GUY MADISON is begging to do a Western, and very good foresight he shows. As an actor who can act, Guy still has a lot to learn. Those action pictures require less technique and are a great school for experience. Speaking of Guy, his recent dates with Cathy Downs are strictly from friendship. Gail Russell was out of town. Gail and Cathy are good friends.

MOST stunning woman in Hollywood today is Ray Milland's adored wife, Mal. Recently they returned from Europe where all Paris took them to its

heart and vice versa. Ray took Mal to every important Parisian dressmaker and bought her a magnificent outfit from each. The night she came home Mal put on an impromptu fashion show at home for Ann Sothorn, Josie Wayne, the Zachary Scotts, the Fred MacMurrays and others. The gals all but swooned. Mal and Ray return to England in the spring, where the Paramount star will make a picture with Ann Todd.

WHEN Adolphe Menjou named Gable as one of the ten best-dressed men in America, what a

The Ted Briskins (that's the newest glamother Betty Hutton, natch) and Billy Daniels at Mitch Leisen party in his studio.





ribbing Clark took from his old pal, Spencer Tracy. A man from the wardrobe department arrived on "The Hucksters" set, his arms loaded with clothing. "Mr. Tracy would like you to select what he should wear to Mr. Mayer's cocktail party," was the message for Gable. There were dungarees, plaid cut-away coats, vintage 1890, high button shoes and brown derbies from which the "fashion authority" was to make his selection.

TO the many who have made inquiries, here is the "dope" on the Fred Astaire chain of dancing schools. Fred recently purchased his own building on Park Avenue in New York City. He himself will personally train instructors and will have the final okay on their ability to carry on from there. Ballroom dancing will be taught exclusively and Fred will make periodical visits to the various schools around the country. Oddly enough, since his sensational stepping in "Blue Skies," Fred is more in demand than ever by Hollywood producers.

LONG before you'll be reading this, Olivia deHavilland will know if she won the Academy Award for being the best actress during 1946. If she doesn't win, there are many in Hollywood who will never believe again. Recently when Livvy dined at Ciro's, Herman Hover, the genial gent who owns the place, had an ice cream "Oscar" in the center of her table. The whole room broke out in applause.

IF Mark Stevens thought fame and fortune would end his troubles, he now thinks differently. Before he started rehearsals on "Nightmare Alley," Mark hired his seventh servant. This time he decided to try a butler. Things were running smooth as satin. Mark was just

Premiere parade, reading from top: the Robert Mitchums, Beverly Tyler and her handsome date, Rory Calhoun, the Jean Pierre Aumonts, Maria Montez, newlyweds Evelyn Keyes and John Huston, and the Mr. and Mrs. Will Price. Maureen O'Hara, who else? A good time was had by all — including the fans on the sidelines.

beginning to purr with pleasure when the butler handed in his resignation. "Why are you quitting?" Mark asked. "It's too quiet here," was the astounding rejoinder. Several days later Mark learned the butler was formerly employed by Errol Flynn. Spoiled, huh?

VIVECA Lindfors, who makes her American movie debut opposite Ronald Reagan in "Night Unto Night," saw her first football game in the Rose Bowl at Pasadena. Jane Wyman and Ronnie took her. On the way home Ronnie asked Viveca if she understood football and liked it. "Oh yes," answered the Swedish star brightly. "The men looked like they were mad at each other. But when I saw them all whispering together, I knew they didn't mean it!"

WHEN the Zachary Scotts moved into their own home recently, Zack's ten-year-old daughter, Waverly, presented him with a gold key to the front door. When Zack learned she had saved her allowance money and worked as a sitter for the neighbor's kiddies, he was so touched it was all he could do to say "thanks."

GIG YOUNG had Eleanor Parker in hysterics on the set of "The Woman in White." There's a sequence in a graveyard, so naturally the studio sign man had to letter the tombstones. Gig asked him to use a couple of names as a gag. They are those of two Hollywood casting directors, who once upon a time told Gig to get out of town because he had nothing to offer on the screen! Ironically enough, today neither one of them is working.

ALEXIS SMITH just discovered one more way to be popular with her fellow players. During a scene on a roof for "The Woman in White," she slipped and broke a bone in her foot. She was out for three weeks and in the meantime the actors working with her were kept on salary. The day Alexis returned to the studio, there was a huge basket of flowers in her dressing room. The note that went with it carried this message: "To the most cooperative actress we have ever known!" It was signed by the troupe.

SAID director Gregory Ratoff to Victor Mature, on the set of "Moss Rose": "Forget what you said during rehearsals. I have a new line for you."

Said Peggy Cummins, who was also in the scene: "It's about time. His old one was getting awfully stale!"

Said Victor Mature — nothing. Period.

ONCE again Joan Crawford's on the receiving end of those romance rumors. Contrary to publicized reports and public appearances together, it isn't Hollywood attorney Greg Bautzer. The man supposedly on Joan's mind is said to be an Eastern gentleman, at the present time and for personal reasons not in a position to make himself known. In the meantime Joan's making a prolonged visit in New York and loving every moment of it. She's living in her beautiful apartment overlooking the river. It's Joan's even when she's making pictures in Hollywood.

IF WE hadn't seen it with our own eyes, we still wouldn't believe it. At a Hollywood party where informality was the keynote, jitterbugging was very much in order. First on the floor and, believe us, a hepcat to end all hepcats, was (of all people) the usually dignified Norma Shearer. With her handsome husband, Marty Arrouge, as her partner, they cut rugs into ribbons. Getting in trim, no doubt, for that new comeback contract Norma recently signed with Enterprise.

IRONICAL note: Linda Darnell, who currently is portraying Amber, the most torrid lady in cinema history, has gone into business. She's backing the "Eezy Freezy" chain stores, which will feature frozen foods.

FROM her farm in New Hampshire, Bette Davis, while awaiting the stork, is sending her Hollywood friends quarts of maple syrup and pounds of maple sugar. "Be sure and watch your figure," writes Bette on each

package. "She certainly is asking for it!" mused Curtis Bernhardt, one of Bette's favorite directors.

WHEN he made "Blithe Spirit," Rex Harrison was haunted by the ghost of his wife. Now appearing in "The Ghost and Mrs. Muir," Rex plays a ghost who haunts Gene Tierney. Kid-dingly, of course, everyone on the set refers to him as "The Spook."

THE happiest boy in Hollywood today is Larry "Jolson Story" Parks. Since his two-year-old marriage to Betty Garrett. New York musical comedy star, Larry and Betty have been separated. Now she's in Hollywood, under contract to MGM, who have great plans for her



Gay foursome out on the town: Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cummings, Eleanor Powell and Glenn Ford.



Martha O'Driscoll flirts with cameraman as he takes her picture with J. Kirk Smith.

Dusty Anderson and Jean Negulesco at party Mitch Leisen, left, gave in his studio.



John Carroll and new star Catherine McLeod participate in Republic Studio celebration.



Deanna Durbin and her producer-husband, Felix Jackson. She sings again in "I'll Be Yours."

future. One day on the Columbia lot, Glenn Ford asked Larry if he was nervous about winning the Academy Award. "As far as I'm concerned," beamed Larry. "I've got my Award and she's prettier than any Oscar!"

ENTERPRISING press agents didn't get very far in the romantic department with Lew Ayres, who is working on the Warner Bros. lot with Ann Sheridan in "The Unfaithful." With love-lies like Martha Vickers and Janis Paige

on the same lot, it was a natural to link them up with Lew. But in his quiet way he squelched the attempts, but fast. Outside of pretty Shirley O'Hara, Lew seems to be date-less these days.

THINNING hair, experts will tell you, is usually the result of serious illness or an extreme nervous condition. All of which brings us to Humphrey Bogart, who is neither ill or nervous — to the contrary, since his marriage to "Baby" Bacall, one of the happiest men

in these parts. But Bogey suddenly and within a few weeks' time has lost nearly all his hair. Fortunately he has a great sense of humor and can kid about it.

THE team work of the Bogarts (both on and off the screen) evidently pays off at the box office. Now Paramount is trying to persuade Brenda Marshall to return to the screen and co-star with her husband, Bill Holden. (He's wonderful in "Dear Ruth.") The studio would like to cast the Holdens as Mister and Missus.



Marjorie Reynolds, blonde again, attends party with hubby Jack Reynolds.

Vivian Blaine, left, with husband Manny Frank. Gary Cooper has confab, right, with Jimmy Stewart; below, with Mrs. C. and Jack Holt.

Peggy Cummins lost the Amber rôle, but she comes into her own as the spirited daughter of Apley (Ronald Colman) in 20th's newest hit



All connected with production of "The Late George Apley" rate cheers. Above, Peggy Cummins, Charles Russell as her lover, father Ronald Colman. Below, Miss Cummins with brilliant director Joseph Mankiewicz (left) and author John Marquand.



SCREENLAND

salutes

"THE LATE GEORGE APLEY"



Family group. Priceless collection of characters in "The Late George Apley": first row, Ronald Colman, Vanessa Brown, Richard Ney, Edna Best; standing, Nydia Westman, Richard Haydn, Peggy Cummins, Percy Waram, Mildred Natwick—wonderful actors all.



In the finest performance he has ever given on the screen, Ronald Colman creates an authentic character in the true American tradition, inspired by J. P. Marquand's revelation of Boston society's morals and manner

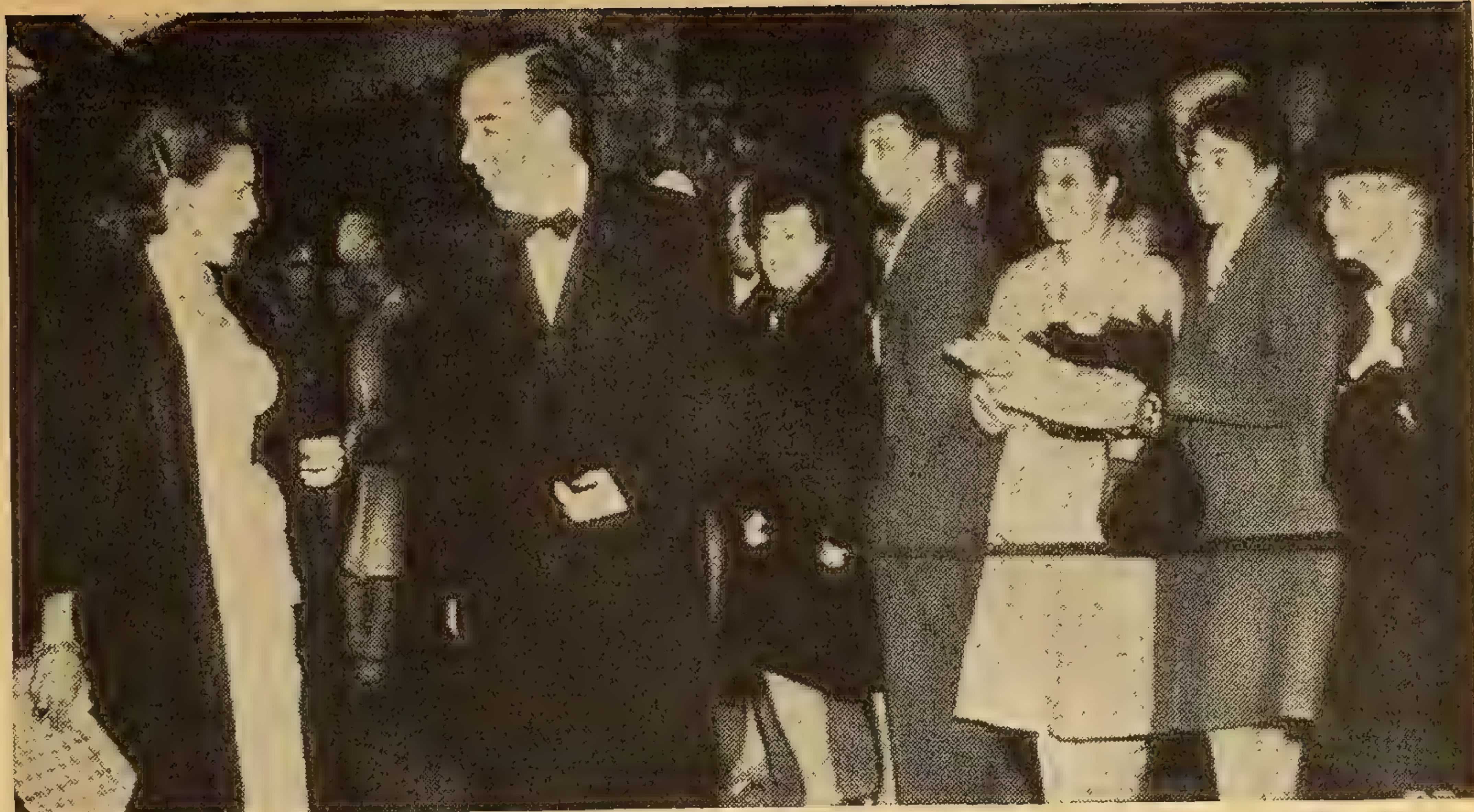
She's A Big Girl Now

Continued from page 33

Jackie Searle and Joe E. Brown, Jr. For Janie's the kind of girl you can call up and tell, "Look, Janie, I've only got three dollars. How about a drive-in and a twenty-five cent movie?" and she'll whoop "Swell!" with just the same enthusiasm with which she greets "Hey, I got paid today—how about dinner and dancing at the Biltmore Bowl?"

Just now the rage with the crowd is a battered little movie house that runs old-time pictures in a converted store down in the shabbiest part of Hollywood Boulevard. One night a couple of the kids caught Janie waving her hand earnestly at teacher in a schoolroom scene in "Imitation of Life," an oldie with Claudette Colbert. So the next night two entire rows of seats in the tiny theater were filled with Jane's friends, waiting tensely to applaud her single appearance with vigor and loyalty.

For her fourteenth birthday, her mother and father gave Jane an apartment of her own. It's built over one wing of the main house and in it are a huge living room, an enormous bedroom—



Premiere night: Judy Garland and her husband Vincente Minelli rate a round of applause from their appreciative fans on the sidelines as they walk down the carpeted lane.

with bath, closets and dressing-room—and a big, knotty-pine-panelled playroom with soda fountain, stove, electric refrigerator and complete china and linen service for twelve.

"I designed and decorated it all myself," Janie said as she showed me around. "And I do all the cleaning my-

self, too," she added proudly. "Last night I washed all the glasses and dishes and cleaned the cupboards and put new papers on the shelves. I love to do things like that in the evenings when I haven't a date. Everything's quiet and I can concentrate. Then when it's all spick and span, I can go to bed knowing it was a job well done!"

On the rare dateless evenings, she works on the scrapbooks she keeps of all her friends. The walls of the hall are covered, frame to frame, with pictures of her friends. One section which Janie refers to indulgently as "Mother's Wall" is a complete pictorial record of Jane from the age of six months, with stills from every film she's made.

"I have lots of trouble with this carpet, though," worried the good housekeeper, pointing to the vast expanse of pastel covering in the huge living room. "Every footprint shows, so I've worked out a system. I start over there and work backwards toward the door. Then I take off my shoes and tiptoe over in my stocking feet and smooth the pile all the same way with a big, soft, long-handled brush we have."

The color scheme of both rooms is pink and blue and, because there's always a girl friend staying the weekend, there are two wash-basins in Jane's bathroom. And in her dressing-room, flanked by mirrored alcoves with glass shelves filled with glittering perfume bottles, are two complete dressing-tables.

Janie's always been a collector. There are gadgets and knick-knacks everywhere and each little china statue, each Mickey Mouse, each plaster souvenir has a meaning and an association all its own. For she's just as thrilled over a ten-cent gag—a box of coughdrops when she has a cold or a package of corn plasters if her partner steps on her toes at a dance—as she is with a ten dollar present.

"I just can't bear to give any of them up," she said as she mixed a chocolate soda for me at the fountain. "When we built the guest-house over there," pointing with a long-handled spoon at a big building on the far side of the grounds, "we put in a projection room and what we intended to be a hobby room—I guess because I've always had so many



The Dick Powells (that's June Allyson, of course), above, and Vivian Blaine and her husband Manny Frank arrive in formal attire.



Teresa Wright and her novelist spouse, Niven Busch, above. Jeanne Crain, surprised by camera, decorates hubby Paul Brinkman's arm.





On the "Forever Amber" set: Linda Darnell's seventeen-year-old sister, Monte, gets a thrill out of being glamorized by the star's hairdresser, at far left. Center, Jimmy Lagano's screen Pop is Cornel Wilde. Right, that's Richard Greene in the long bob, chatting with Linda. Below left, orchids to "Amber" and a set party too, including Vivian Blaine, George Jessel, Cathy Downs, Linda and Victor Mature.



different hobbies. But now it's more of a store-room, filled with boxes and crates of knick-knacks I've finally brought myself to part with."

In this ex-hobby-room, too, are stored boxes of beautiful linens and barrels of fine china and glassware Janie has been buying ever since she was a little girl. They're to be kept until she is married and has a home of her own.

Right now John Dall is head man in her life. "We don't go steady, though," she assured me hastily before admitting warmly "—but he's pretty special. Marriage? Well, I don't know about that—yet. You see, for one thing, there are lots of trust funds and all kinds of legal matters that would have to be changed if I married before I am twenty-one. And for another, I don't *know* enough yet. I can cook *some*—cakes and pies. And I can fry chicken. But there's so much more I want to learn. You see, I want to be a *good* wife!"

John gave her a Great Dane puppy for

her birthday and its name is—now take it easy!—Lachlen MacLachlen Dall Withers. The last two names you can figure out, but the first two, in case you've forgotten, were John's when he made his hit in "The Hasty Heart" on the stage. The infant lion, fortunately, will be called Lockie for short.

When John Dall's not in town, Janie's list of beaux that's as long as your arm includes Dean Harnes, A. C. Lyles, Jr., Ross Hunter, Loren Tyndall, Lon McCallister and Dick Clayton, who was her leading man in "A Very Young Lady." The list, as a matter of fact, is so comprehensive that Janie is obviously at the age when she's playing the field. She's a great one, too, to fall hard for her leading men. They're always wonderful. Right now it's Robert Lowery, who played opposite her in "Danger Street," a Pine-Thomas production for Paramount. This is her very first adult rôle, even more grown-up than the one she did in "The Affairs of Geraldine."

In "Danger Street," she plays a girl reporter and was thrilled to the ears when it was arranged, as a publicity stunt, for her to spend the day in the Los Angeles offices of the Associated Press. There she answered the telephones briskly with a plug for the picture—naturally!—before recording the information that came in. This made Janie very news-minded and she's become alert for bright items of interest. For instance, while on a date with A. C. Lyles, a very snappy young publicity executive, she may disappear into the little girls' room and stay for what seems hours to her patient escort. But just as the resigned A. C. has shifted for the forty-ninth time from his right foot to his left, Janie's glowing face will pop through the door with the announcement, "Be right out! I'm getting a news scoop for you!"

Jane at fourteen got a violent and historic crush on George Montgomery and it's recorded to this day in the cement flagstones of the barbecue area on her estate. There, embossed by her own love-sick hand, is an image of George rampant on bucking bronco, with cowboy hat and spurs couchant—

the whole enclosed in an aching heart. Everybody kids poor Jane about her unrequited love for Montgomery. To the embarrassed girl's intense discomfiture, Mrs. Withers herself contributed by playing—over the loud-speaker at a big barbecue party—a record sent by one of Janie's friends on Army duty in Texas. It mooned, in part, "Janie, you know how I feel! I wanted to speak to your parents first, to ask their permission. But I just can't wait! Oh, Janie, *won't* you send me George Montgomery's autograph?" But Jane can go along with a gag. Next day she sent, via air mail, special delivery, an enormous photograph of her hero, complete with loving, faked inscription.

Jane's penchant for hearts, blue bow-knots and rosebuds is displayed everywhere. Cushions, ash trays, dishes are heart-shaped, and she lately developed a hobby of painting them on tables, chairs, stools and lanterns. This new hobby is coincident with the relatively recent one of collecting antique bisque figurines, which runs along with a maturing discovery of the fascination of reading books. The growing library, as a matter of fact, is gradually pushing the beloved knick-knacks and souvenirs off the play-room shelves into the storage boxes in the hobby-room.

Mrs. Withers, charming, wholesome, gracious, is that anomaly of the picture business: a movie mother who has never made a nuisance of herself. In the years she managed her daughter's career, she confined herself to her own particular job, that of preparing the little girl for her work before the cameras. After this was done, Mrs. Withers either stayed in the dressing-room or sat inconspicuously on the edge of the set, waiting quietly until she could be of assistance to Jane.

When Mrs. Withers gave her quiet permission last year for Jane to make a trip to New York without her, the reins of career management slipped gently from the mother's hands and she has never taken them up again. Instead, she busies herself with running the big house and grounds and in the entertainment of old friends from Georgia—and every



Bound to a post as decoy for a band of highwaymen, Linda gets last minute instructions from director Otto Preminger. At right, beauty and discomfort go hand and hand in Cromwellian period gowns.

place else. They arrive on Southern California vacations; there are no hotel accommodations. Mrs. Withers, with true Southern hospitality, says, "Stay with us!" And they do. Who wouldn't?

The grounds of the Withers ménage border on such a dangerous curve of Sunset Boulevard that both Mr. and Mrs. Withers are conditioned to accidents at their front door. Whenever they hear—and it is usually in the early morning hours—the skid of tires and then the sickening crash of an auto wreck, he runs out of the house with a pile of blankets that's always ready and she phones the police for an ambulance. It was Mrs. Withers who lifted Joe E. Brown's bloody head the early morning his station wagon went off the curve as he sped to the studio to report for work. If the Witherses hadn't heard the crash, he might have lain undiscovered for hours out of sight fifty feet down the cliff.

Everyone knows where the Withers house is—opposite the Los Angeles branch of the University of California—and the gates to the driveway are never closed. Fans from all over the country wander in any day, any hour, and ring the doorbell for Jane. She may be in the midst of her vacuuming and scrubbing and ceaseless tidying of her beloved apartment; her hair may be done up in a bandana; she may have a smudge on her nose. It doesn't matter to her. She'll leave whatever she's doing and will greet them with the unfailing courtesy and charm she's inherited from her mother.

Janie takes direction like the trouper she is, but criticism from her friends makes her want to curl up and die. Twitted once about what one of them termed her "happy act," Janie flared with hurt indignation.

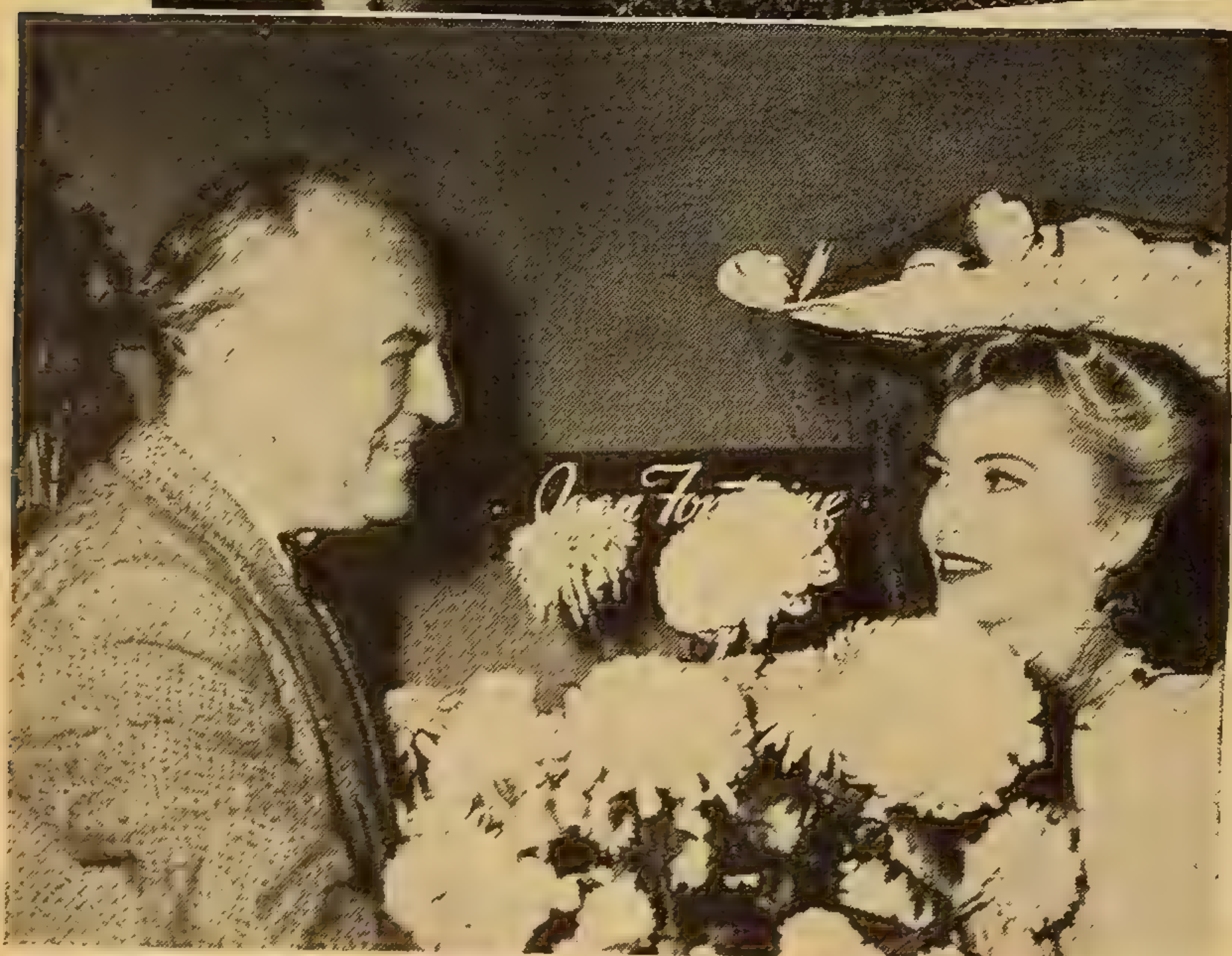
"It's not an act!" she protested. "I am happy! I'm happy all the time, because I'm thankful. Thankful for everything. Thankful for my work and my good times and my friends and my wonderful parents! How could my happiness be pretended when it's so real?"

At any age, it's a mature viewpoint. That's why Janie's a big girl now.



Man of Many Parts

Continued from page 46



★
Shooting starts on U-I's new picture, "Ivy," and director Sam Wood opens proceedings with a huge bouquet to his star, Joan Fontaine, at left, before instructing her for one of the dramatic scenes, below, and at right, with Patric Knowles in an important rôle.



tion. He went to Clifton College, where he swept off all the highest prizes for literature and music and elocution, then to prove himself an outstanding scholar at Cambridge University. He played in many amateur stage shows but he also found he had a flair for instructing others, so he decided to become a college professor. He studied for this in Germany and France.

As first step, he taught for a while at an exclusive boys' school in Surrey, but all the time his inherited dramatic talents kept cropping up. He found he was spending most of his leisure producing Shakespeare and Ibsen and Shaw in the great hall, so finally he abandoned the struggle and decided to make the stage his career instead. To the folks who declared he would be wasting his fine intellectual gifts, he simply laughed and said that an appreciation of beauty and culture could never be other than a happy asset in any profession. He's a habit of laughing gently at what he calls "too-good advice"—he says his pet hate has always been those annoying individuals who seem to know all the answers to every question.

So at twenty-three Michael walked on a professional stage for the second time in his life. It was at the famous little Liverpool Repertory Theater, cradle of so many British players including Robert Donat and Diana Wynyard and Vivien Leigh among others. Michael says that as he waited in the wings for his first call, he remembered the words of advice which his mother had given him, never to act unless he sincerely felt he had something to contribute to that part. He never has broken this rule yet, on either screen or stage. He swears that he never will.

Since his salary was naturally extremely small, he used to augment it by writing—he's since written several plays and a couple of books—and by teaching modern languages, for he can speak German, French, Italian and Spanish as easily as English. But in six months he was playing leading parts so he could devote all his time to acting. Then he met lovely

black-haired Rachael Kempson, with the calm serene white brow and the wide hazel eyes, come to Liverpool as the guest artist to appear with him in "Flowers of the Forest." Two weeks later they became engaged and within six weeks they were married. For Michael had just received an offer to go to London to play in the Old Vic Company and he thought it would be simpler to take his wife with him.

That set the seal on Michael's stage career and soon established him among the brightest West End stars. In 1938 Alfred Hitchcock offered him a screen test and the result put him into one of the best pre-war British thrillers, "The Lady Vanishes," as Margaret Lockwood's leading man. Rachael should have appeared in the film with her husband, just as she so often acted with him on the stage, but she was too occupied with their first baby, golden-haired Vanessa who is now nine years old and industriously studying ballet dancing with firm determination to become a film actress in due course. Since then the Redgrave family has been increased twice. Corin William is seven, going to act when he grows up too, and though blue-eyed little Lynn is just three, she also shows every sign of following what her father laughingly calls "the inevitable Redgrave road."

Now Michael devotes about eight months of every year to film work and the rest to the stage, sharing his activities with Rachael as they share the whole of their lives. She played with him recently in that poignant screen romance of the returned ex-prisoners-of-war, "The Captive Heart," a sweet, well-poised gracious girl who is always completely natural. Michael believes she brings him good fortune so he likes to have her around the set in any case. Another modern problem film which Michael specially likes is "The Years Between," in which he starred with Valerie Hobson, and he has also been seen in "Thunder Rock" and the spooky "Dead of Night," and his own great favorite, "Johnny in the Clouds."

He has just finished making "Fame Is The Spur" in England, the film version of Howard Spring's best-seller about the career of a famous newspaper pub-



Below, left, Joan Fontaine is a picture in period gown in scene with Richard Ney and Lumsden Hare. But a star's life also includes other activities, as the picture above with Alan Marshall on CBS radio show proves. Good to see Alan again!



MIKE MANNERS



Bob Hope pays Eddie Bracken and Ann Rutherford a visit with accent on comedy. Loretta Young and Rex Harrison polish their lines at rehearsal before "on-the-air" time. Dean Stockwell is allowed a few minor changes in script during rehearsal of CBS show.



Lionel Barrymore's "Mayor of the Town," with Agnes Moorhead, is still a favorite program. Robert Taylor, playing meatier rôles these days in pictures, does a stint on a thriller. Jimmy Durante is hilarity personified as guest on Dinah Shore's CBS program.



lisher. Now he comes to Hollywood to play with Joan Bennett in Fritz Lang's newest thriller, "The Secret Behind the Door," anxious for new experiences in his profession and grateful for the opportunity of studying the fine American technical production methods. As always he read the script before he signed his contract, accepting the part only because he was sure he could give something warmly personal and valuable to it.

Not that he's temperamental, only utterly serious and sincere. He knows he has a particular style of his own, despite all his versatility, and he must feel without doubt that he can fuse his own personality into that of the character in order to give what he often describes as "a full performance."

He's just the same in his private life too. What he feels is right and just and true, that he does without a moment's hesitation. Soon after the war in Europe began, he completely disappeared and it

was many months before he would allow Rachael to announce that he had voluntarily joined the Royal Navy as an ordinary seaman. He did not want to obtain any personal publicity out of what seemed to him the duty he should do. He came back just as quietly in 1944 and took up his screen work again, despite a slow-healing war wound that often made acting an exceedingly painful job.

The Redgraves home is a beautiful old-world house on the banks of the River Thames in the London suburbs. The tree-shaded garden goes right down to the water and here Michael likes to get exercise on Sundays, digging and weeding energetically assisted by the family. He has just planted masses of blue irises, which are his favorite flowers, and Vanessa is going to take photographs of them when they come into bloom and send them to Hollywood. She's already told her adoring father what he has to bring her back. So if

Michael is found wandering along Wilshire Boulevard with a worried air, he's seeking a light blue chiffon frock, a pair of small blue pumps and a little silver necklace set with turquoises to match.

He'll probably be discovered inside more than one bookstore too, for he has an enormous library in a finely panelled white and green room at his home. He collects first editions in several languages, and also modern paintings. He's immensely proud of his newly-acquired Picasso and he owns several theater studies from the brush of the famous Englishwoman, Dame Laura Knight.

One pitch-panelled eighteenth century salon has now become the Redgraves' music-room. Michael is an exceptionally clever pianist, with a taste for the more modern composers, though he will also play Chopin or Scarlatti by the hour. He likes to go to the London concerts with Rachael whenever they can and proudly boasts he has not yet missed a

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single Albert Hall recital by Yehudi Menuhin, whom he considers the greatest violinist in the world. He describes it as "a tremendous honor" when he met Yehudi last summer, and is looking forward to renewing the meeting in California shortly.

Despite his outstanding intellectual talents, Michael is still a vigorously active and athletic type of man. He's only sorry the Thames at Chiswick is too muddy for swimming for that's his pet sport, though he also plays tennis and squash-rackets. When he has some knotty problems to work out—just how to interpret his latest film character, perhaps—he likes to go off and tramp over the countryside for hours at a time, his red bull-terrier Bill tagging along at his heels. Michael is one of those fortunate folks who gets by on very little food and the minimum of sleep. He usually goes to bed at one o'clock and rises fresh as the morning before seven.

Since he crushes so much into his life, that's probably just as well. He is keenly interested in politics and does a considerable amount of social welfare work, including teaching drama and literature to the boys at an East End dockside area church without any fees. He can jump to his feet and speak powerfully, brilliantly and with tremendous conviction. He made some notable speeches in support of the Government candidates at the last Parliamentary elections in Britain and during the war years, he gave countless lectures on British life to the U.S. Forces. He has kept up his corre-

spondence with many of these men and women and looks forward to meeting them again in America this year.

Because of his insistence that he won't get into a casting rut and because he fearlessly maintains he is not a type but an actor, Michael goes steadily on creating his vivid, compelling and always individual characters on the screen. He's appeared in thrillers and comedies and stark turgid dramas and semi-documentaries, everything except a musical in fact. Now he wants to do just that! Though he has never had his singing voice trained, it is a good light baritone and his present ambition is to find a producer who shares his own belief that a lavish Technicolor song-and-dance film can still provide a place for a strong dramatic actor too. He's already negotiating with one British studio to film that merry old English classic, "The Beggar's Opera," with himself in the leading rôle.

Not until 1948, though. This man of many parts will be far too occupied in the meantime. After "The Secret Behind the Door," he will make a second film in Hollywood and then return to London to play "Macbeth" on the stage in the summer. Rachael is to be in the company too, and fall will find them taking the production to New York. Then Hollywood once more, together this time. And it won't be talented young Vanessa's fault if Michael doesn't find himself playing still another new kind of rôle then, father of the latest juvenile actress who is rivalling Margaret O'Brien!

Love Story

Continued from page 29.

did the biggest double-take in the history of Hollywood. Jack is, in the first place, twenty-nine. He is about five-ten, has a tanned skin, very blond hair, very blue eyes, and the most sensational grin after Clark Gable's. He is the sort who wears tweed jackets and gabardine slacks without looking as if he were posing for a men's fashion magazine. He is well-groomed, in other words, without being "pretty" about it. Furthermore, Jack is distinctly no dope. When we clutched his paw during the introduction, he had just finished four years in the Marines, fourteen months of which were spent in the South Pacific as a captain in charge of a headquarters squadron. And, lest you didn't know, they don't give out Marine captaincies with boxes of "Wheaties."

Previous to that, Jack had been a businessman—and *what* a businessman! His father, J. Devereaux Wrather, Sr. (the "J." doesn't stand for anything at all) had been quite a power in the Texas oil fields, so much so, in fact, that in 1935 some unpleasant characters tried to kidnap him. Though the attempt failed, Mr. Wrather was beaten so unmercifully before rescue came that he was an invalid for the rest of his life. Thus, when Jack graduated from the University of Texas, he found himself taking his father's place in the oil business immediately. He was



Irene Dunne, in costume for her rôle as Mother in the Warner Bros. film version of "Life with Father," one of Broadway's most successful plays, now in its eighth year.

twenty-two at the time, but he managed to run a batch of wells, see about the administration of pipe lines, build a refinery, become a partner in a lumber company, form an advertising agency, and, later, take a spot as advisor on the War Petroleum Council when hostilities started. He still has a most active part in these goings-on, and has decided, too, that making both 16-millimeter films for commercial purposes and full-length, full-sized movies for entertainment are worthy endeavors.

"The Guilty," as we said, is his first big-scale try at Hollywood's product. It came about largely, we think, because Jack claims he had never seen a mystery story done on the screen the way *he* would have done it—simply, powerfully, with an absence of glamor. Most murders are very *unattractive*: stories about them should not be fancied up with gorgeous sets and stuff. Another reason for Jack's making it was that he felt there were excellent actors, crewmen, and specialists among the veterans now coming back to Hollywood. And many of these men had been away so long that they had been forgotten. Jack, who is, after all, a veteran himself, decided that something should be done, with the result that every guy from the doorman on the stage to the publicity man to the director and screen-writer and leading men in "The Guilty" is some kind of an ex-G.I. That's the sort Jack is. Perhaps that's why Bunny fell in love with him. It wouldn't be hard.

The whole business started a few days before Wednesday, April 24, 1946—a date neither J. Wrather nor Bonita will ever forget. Jack, you see, had hired

himself a publicity man named Henry Rogers, on the theory that his forthcoming production could use some space in the newspapers. Henry, being an uncommonly nice man, had become in a short time a friend of Jack's as well as an employee. They spent a lot of time together, and one day Jack commented on the fact that all the Hollywood girls he had met up to then were painted hussies, or words to that effect. He was going through a book of portraits of Henry's clients at the time and, as fate or something would have it, just happened to turn to a picture of Bonita after he made his revolutionary statement.

"Who's she?" he asked, pointing.

"Are you kidding?" Henry asked, in turn. "That's Bonita Granville!"

"She's in pictures, isn't she?"

Henry looked to see if Jack was still sane. "Yes," he said at last, with great patience. "She's in pictures. She's been in pictures for a long time. And, regardless of what you think of movie actresses, she's a very nice girl."

"Looks like it. I'd like to meet her."

That was simple. On the following Wednesday, Bonita had agreed to go to dinner with Henry and his wife, Roz, and a man named Jack Wrather. It was the first blind date she'd ever had in her life. She wasn't too enthusiastic about the whole thing. She had just gotten back from an exhausting trip to New York, was planning another picture, and only said she would go because of Friend Henry. And Jack was late. So everybody was late when they came to pick Bunny up for dinner. Jack had borrowed his best friend's Buick convertible. It was brand new and shiny. Bonita took one look—

as who wouldn't?—and mentally cried, "Yipe!" (The next date they had Jack showed up in the most broken-down Dodge in California.)

They drove to the Barclay Kitchens for dinner. Jack was sure Bonita would try to impress him about being in the movies, and she was sure he would try to impress her about owning some oil wells. Thus, they were both a little on the defensive. But, when they got to the table, Henry and Jack talked shop—like all men—and Bunny and Roz talked hats—like all women. It was lovely. There was nothing unusual about it at all. Bonita decided that blind dates were pretty dull. Then Jack said, "Let's go dancing!" as if the thought had just occurred to him. (He and Henry had spent hours plotting that afternoon, Bunny found out later.) So they went to Ciro's. And Jack and Bun danced, and danced—and danced! They had expected to stay about half an hour. They closed the joint up at two a.m.

"I must say I was impressed," Bunny admits now. "He's a divine dancer. We had a wonderful time."

Then Jack took her home. "Dinner tomorrow?" he asked.

"No, sorry," Bunny answered, just like the big socialite. (She actually did have a *business* engagement.)

"Well, I'm going to Texas soon—"

"The next night then!" Bunny said, hastily, *not* just like the big socialite.

That started it, children. With the exception of the time Jack has had to spend in Texas, they have seen each other every single day and every single night since that Friday. They've never had a date with anybody else and they never wanted to.

They didn't plan to fall in love at all. Jack had been married and divorced before he and Bunny met and was slightly on the burned-child side. And Bunny went out with lots of people, worked hard, and, at twenty-three, thought she could wait a while. But it didn't work out that way. They saw no one else in town.

"Of course," Jack says now, "I had a friend stationed out in front of Bonita's house with a sawed-off machine gun. When people drove up, he had orders to mutter, 'Move along, Bud!'" And Bunny says that, if Jack hadn't called her she would have called him. That's how shameless you can get!

They went out to dinner together and always planned to see a movie afterwards. But they had so much fun that they usually found it was far too late to go to a show when they'd finished their coffee. The only ones they actually got to, in fact, were Bunny's: a revival of "These Three" and some other things, simply because she wanted Jack to *know* what she did on the screen. They went to friends' houses and swam and played tennis, and once they went to a ranch with another couple. Bunny would rather forget that.

It seems that Jack claimed he couldn't ride. He refused to take any horsy clothes to the ranch. Bunny, on the other hand, got herself up like Roy Rogers, even though she is of the walk-the-nag school of horsemanship. Well, they finally persuaded Jack to climb on

one of the beasts—clothes or no clothes. And then Bunny nearly fell out of her saddle. She had forgotten Jack was a Texan, you understand, and that every Texan in history has taken his Pabulum on horseback.

"There I was—walking, and hanging on for dear life," she says, irately. "And there was Jack, in ordinary street clothes, galloping like a maniac through a forest of trees and doing figure-eights up and down hills. I've never been so furious with anybody!"

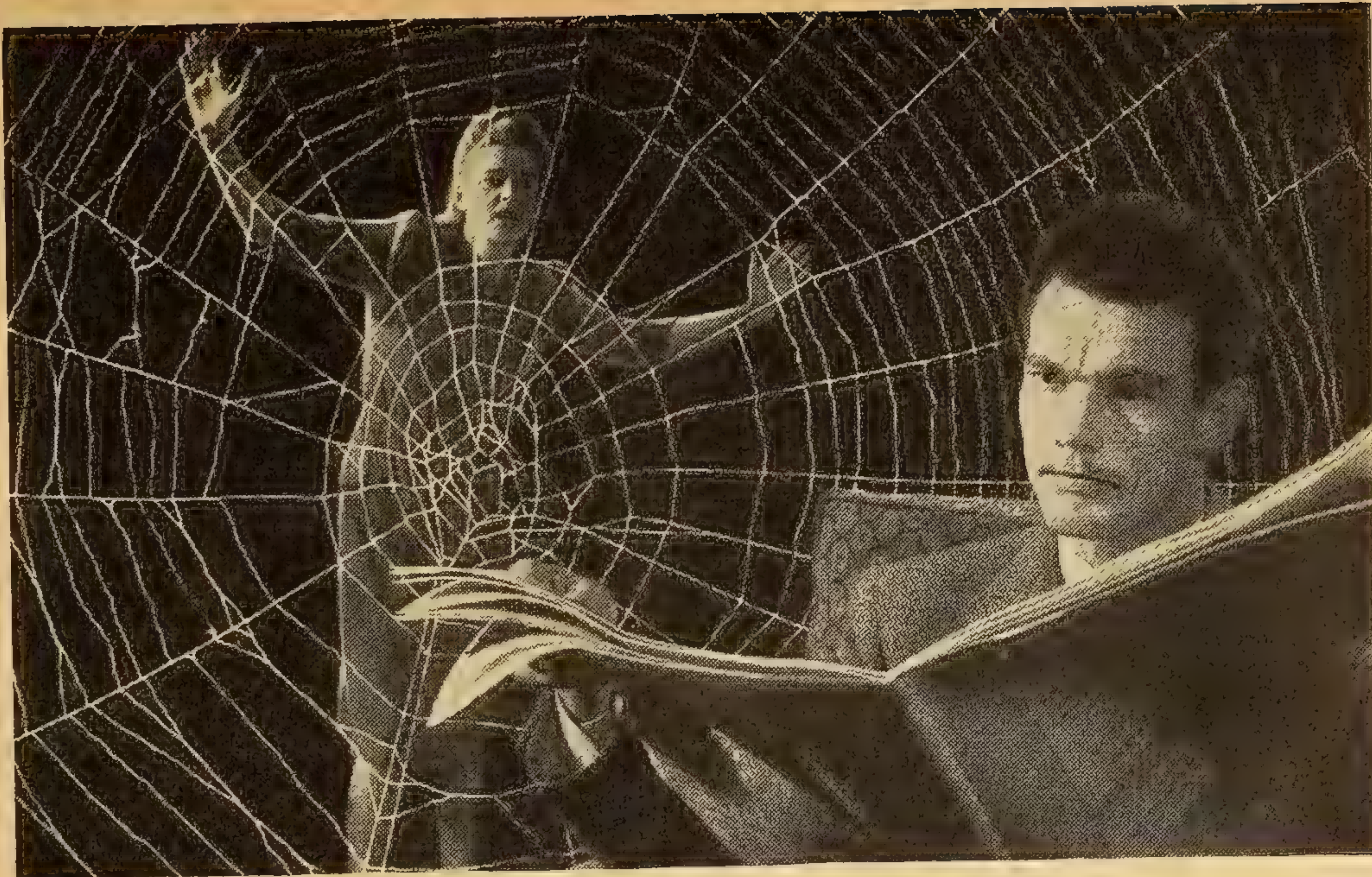
Jack, incidentally, is such a Texan that his cuff-links are tiny gold maps of the state, with Dallas marked by a microscopic diamond. And, for one of his presents to Bunny, he had a larger map made for her charm bracelet. She wears it like a badge of honor. He doesn't tote gifts continually, but when he does they are sane but wonderful. Bunny had broken her watch: Jack had a heavy gold bracelet made for her, with a half-inch-square time-piece set in it. And the best present of all was that he bought himself a new car. At this writing, he is driving a dark Cadillac sedan and Bonita is much happier. She's sure now that they'll get where they are going!

They look enough alike to be brother and sister, and they claim that they are inwardly very similar, too. Both are intelligent, love to laugh, enjoy being around people yet also have fun alone. Both have tempers, too, and admit the fact. They know that letting fly is kinda silly and childish, so each is trying to attain calmness and control. That doesn't always happen, of course, and they do occasionally blow up. But the explosion usually is over in a short time and everything is happy again.

"We don't predict how we will get along," Bunny says, with admirable sanity for a Hollywood gal. "But we'll try to have a successful marriage. We love each other very much, and we both know that you have to work for lasting happiness. I know that we should be insisting we'll always live on a pink cloud, the way so many people in this town do. I *think* we will, naturally. We will try to. And we can't do more than that."

That, like we said, makes very good sense. For no one can be positive of paradise. And we think that such an attitude will actually result in a more perfect marriage than the too-sure school of taking everything for granted. They didn't plan to work together in the beginning, by the way. That just happened, as their falling in love just happened. Bunny says it came about principally because she got so fascinated with what Jack was trying to do that she couldn't bear the thought of anyone but herself playing the girl in the picture. And now that Jack knows what she can do he is planning more movies. One will be the story of his own father, a tale of the oil fields called "Turning Point." Another will be a love story—which Bunny ought to act very well.

It looks like J. Devereaux is here to stay—with side trips to Texas, of course. And he and Bonita bless the movies. If it had not been for Hollywood, they might never have met. The new Mr. and Mrs. W. don't like to think about that.



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What Now, Van Johnson?

Continued from page 35

A couple of months later I was on the MGM lot and he passed by. I had met him just that one afternoon, remember, but out of the blue he yelled, "Hello, Alyce! How are you?" I was later to discover this phenomenal memory for names is one of his most endearing traits. It proves that Van doesn't put on an act when he is interviewed. He doesn't figure: well, now that I'm here, I may as well be graceful about it and turn on the old charm. He actually takes an interest in you. He remembers what you have to say. *And he remembers your name.* If Van had nothing else to endear him to the press, that one sincere trait would cinch the deal. For in this egocentric town, when a star is interested in *you*, that's unusual enough to make the headlines.

Three years ago I remember being very sorry for Van. I wondered then if he realized what the price of fame would be. No privacy. No more going to the beach without being followed by hundreds of eager kids. No more walking down the boulevards, without causing heads to turn. No more visiting New York and wandering through the old

haunts he would always remember with such nostalgia. I remember also that three years ago he was grateful for success. For his money, the bubble of fame couldn't be too big. Just the same, he was living with one foot in his suitcase, not quite daring to believe that somehow, somewhere, the bubble wouldn't burst.

Well, today everything has come his way. He no longer has that feeling of transience. He is willing to believe he can now unpack his suitcase. He isn't dreaming. And yet what is there to look forward to? "You've had all the frosting on the cake," I reminded him. "What now?"

"More frosting, more cake," he answered, grinning.

Yet, somehow, knowing Van as I do, I have a feeling cake will never be enough. He's a meat and potatoes guy. The bread of living is what he really enjoys.

There's the cake of being a wealthy man. I'm speaking of his new contract with its fabulous salary. Yet Van doesn't ever expect to achieve real wealth. Gone are the Harold Lloyd days when a movie

star could amass a fortune. Today, taxes being what they are, stars in the higher brackets can only keep around 6% of what they earn. That still leaves them a neat little pile, but not enough to keep Mary Pickford-Doug Fairbanks, Sr., fortunes. This doesn't seem to worry him. Ten years from now he'll be happy if he has a Pennsylvania Dutch house, a swimming pool, a tennis court, and some acreage. He doesn't want a showplace. He wants a home.

That brings us head-on to the marriage of Evie Wynn and Van Johnson in Juarez, Mexico, the day after Evie's divorce became final. I've known Van Johnson a long time. Three years ago every story on Van quoted him as saying, "I'd like to have a girl like Evie Wynn. She's wonderful!" For years, Van had hied himself over to the Wynns' for dinners, for Sunday brunches, or just for good old bull sessions. He adored Keenan. He thought Evie was swell. But this much I know, knowing Van: it had never been any more than that.

Hollywood has a fast, glib tongue. But the true facts are these. Every young married couple have their ups and downs. Evie and Keenan were no different. They had a disagreement and decided to call it a day. Now, whenever this happens, whether in Hollywood or in Podunk, one thing always occurs. Friends extend



On vacation in Sun Valley, Van Johnson attends party given by Darryl Zanuck at the famous Trail Creek Cabin. Young Richard Zanuck and Merle Oberon were other guests. The hat which Van wears so nonchalantly is strictly party paraphernalia.

helping hands. Evie was lonely, unhappy and puzzled, when she and Keenan separated. Van could have turned his back on the whole affair to avoid unfavorable comments and publicity, but he isn't a fly-by-night type of friend. He came through for Evie, taking her out, helping her over the emotional crisis which is always tougher on a woman than a man. I have a feeling that Keenan was glad Van was standing by.

Van must have known the night he took her to Ciro's how tongues would wag in the small town that is Hollywood. It's all to his credit that he put friendship first, his career and the gossips second. If there had been anything undercover or clandestine about his friendship for Evie, he most certainly would never have shown up at one of the most glamorous of Hollywood spots, where they were certain to run into a battery of press photographers and gossip columnists. There are plenty of little-known spots where they could have gone. That they didn't go down back streets nor hide in corners reveals that the same wonderful honesty which has always characterized Van will be there year in and year out, come what may. When this friendship developed into something sweeter, he was honest about that, too.

For Van had long been looking for a wife. Because something else Van has always wanted in that picturesque Pennsylvania Dutch cottage is lots of children. He wants a big family—maybe four girls and four boys. There's certainly nothing small about the Van Johnson dreams!

That family of Van's? Well, they'll be so beautifully, so sweetly, so ecstatically happy together it will be almost fairy tale stuff. Van already knew what kind of a girl he wanted to wed. First of all, he didn't want a girl who is morose, temperamental, neurotic. He wanted a lovely, intelligent wife—with a bit of the pixie in her. He wanted someone whose sense of humor is a wonderful, adventurous thing. He wanted a girl who would like a large family. He also had some very definite ideas about what he *didn't* want in a wife. "I wouldn't want to come home from the studio," he says, "and find that my wife was out playing gin rummy. I wouldn't want to come home and find the house full of girls, either. I wouldn't want my wife to suddenly have the whole evening planned. A 'we're going out tonight' sort of deal. I wouldn't want her staying up all night. I like to go to bed early and read, and it would be swell if she liked quiet evenings, too." Evie does.

What else wouldn't he like? "Well, I wouldn't want her to dress in furbelows and ruffles. I'd want her to dress with distinction and taste. I wouldn't want her to play practical jokes. I couldn't have her throwing water buckets at me, if you know what I mean? I'd hate it if she said as soon as I got in the house, 'Well, what happened today?' I'd want to relax first, get in the tub, maybe have a drink, *then* I'd bring it up, if it was worth bringing up. I wouldn't care if she started her day with a phone call from Sally, and I'm sure she wouldn't care about similar petty things in regard to my day, either." Evie doesn't.

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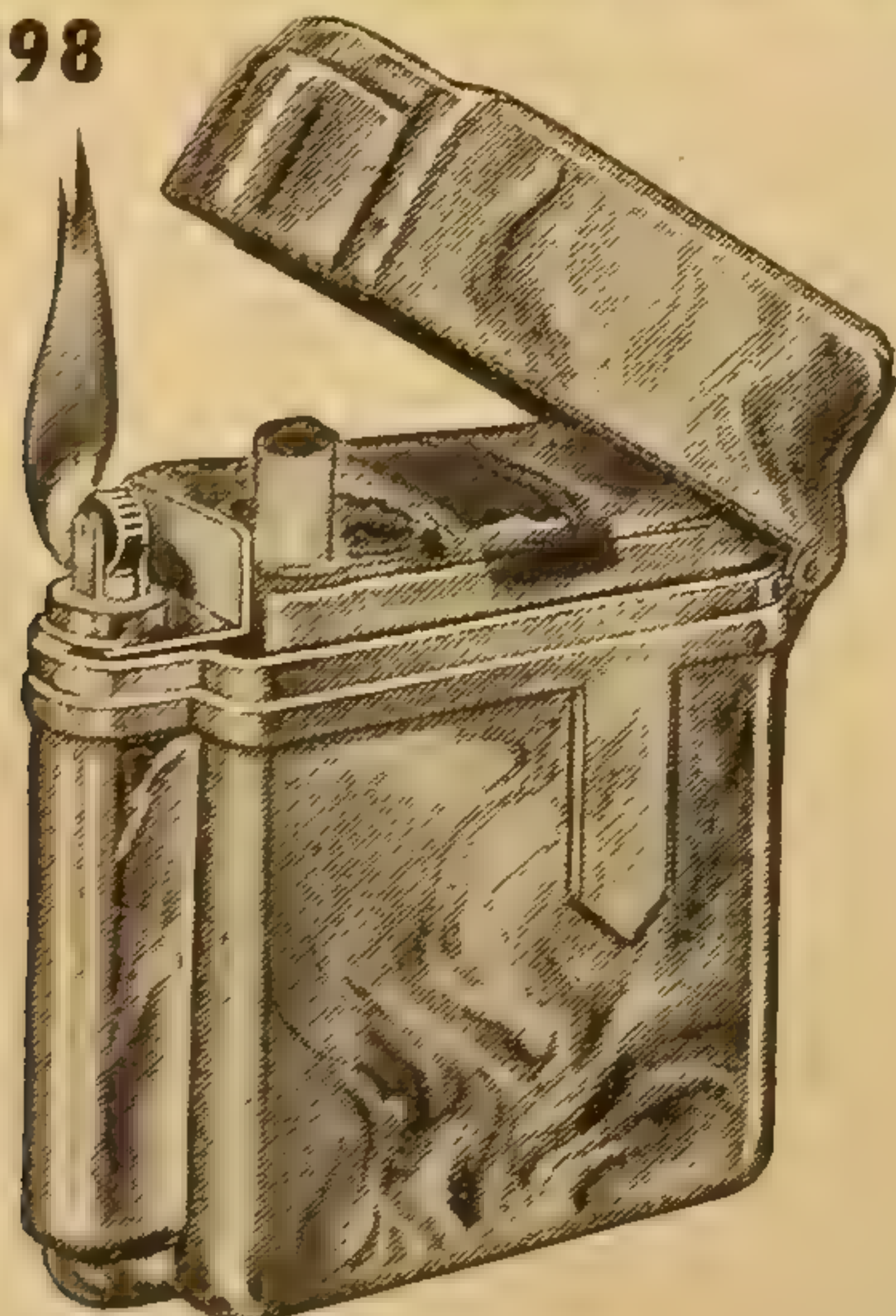


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Van wouldn't like a jealous woman, that's for sure. "I'd hit her over the head," he says facetiously. He likes gay vivacious people rather than the phlegmatic type. He likes discussions, hates arguments. But, every once in awhile, he'd like to have a good old-fashioned fight. "There's nothing like that making up thing afterwards," he grins. "But let's not have too many of them."

Yes, looking ahead five years, you can see Van with his house and his wife and his family. One thing's for sure: he'll be a pretty special sort of a husband. His feet will be on the ground, but he'll have just enough idealism in his heart to make life with him a rather special and wonderful thing.

There's only one drawback to his dreams, and that's the fact that his future will always be shadowed by his glass house existence. For instance, he'd love to have his father come out to California for a visit. "I'd love to take him around," says Van, "and show him the sights. I'm practically a member of the Chamber of Commerce out here, you know. I actually love to go on those \$2 tours. I know where everybody's house is, where everybody lives. I know the little special California places—I don't mean the Mocambo or La Rue's—but the inlets and caves at Laguna. Things like that I'd like to show my Dad." But, fame being what it is, you can see it would be rather hard for Van to go on any \$2 tours. He'll have to wait for that sight-seeing tour of California with his father.

His dream of an ideal existence also includes about one picture a year. The rest of the time he would spend traveling. "I'd like to take a trip to Canada," he dreams aloud. "I'd like to go to Europe and South America. I've never had any time to do those things. I haven't even seen all I'd like to see of America yet."

Van would like to get in his little 1941 Ford Convertible and lazy across the continent, stopping at motels, if he can get time off from production. There's the catch. For the next six years, at least, his dreams will have to stay in the dreaming stage. But when he signs that next seven year contract, that'll be another story. That time, he'll set time enough aside for all these things he wants to do.

He'll never want to go on hunting trips. Van couldn't kill a chicken. He loves to shoot, and he's pretty good with clay pigeons. But he is not a man who could go on a lion hunt, or even a rabbit hunt. He just loves animals too much. So he won't take any of those trips packing back into the mountains with hunting paraphernalia.

There is something in the majesty of living things that Van respects. He couldn't cut a bird down from flight, nor take aim at a deer as it stood with forefoot poised and ears stretched forward. Such sensitivity is one reason he can get those delicate shadings of expression into his rôles. There is nothing crass about Van.

Fifteen years from now, Van will not be a producer. He is one actor who never has ideas about how to produce or direct a picture. He's quick to admit that he doesn't know anything about stories. He trusts the studio's judgment implicitly. Not that he doesn't hope to get a wider variety of rôles. He would love to do a really super-duper western, like "Duel in the Sun." He has no illusions about winning an Academy Award. "Although maybe one day they might give me a little cup, or something," he grins. But he does dream of perhaps falling into a memorable rôle like *Rhett Butler* in "Gone With the Wind." He would love a chance at a picture like "The Lost Weekend," or "Night Must Fall." He hopes to gain stature as an actor and get a chance at good solid drama before



Sydney Greenstreet chooses Gail Patrick for his dance partner at Atwater Kent party.

he's through working in front of cameras.

Frosting? Cake? None of these dreams of Van seem that elaborate to me. A home, a wife, children. The dream of showing the California he loves to the father he loves. Time to travel—seeing America first, then the world. To me, this seems more like the bread of living, not the trimming. And I hope Van gets this. I hope his future holds these things for him.

One thing I do know. If I met Van fifteen years from today, he'd yell across the years to me, "Hello, Alyce. How are you?" He won't have forgotten these days, no more than he has forgotten those grim days when he didn't know all this fabulous success would come to him. For there was something frighteningly stern about his face when he told me: "I won't ever forget those early days in New York. They were pretty rough. I'm still pretty scared inside. I think those struggles during those early years were my college, my schooling, my preparation. Not just in acting. I don't mean that. I mean—in life. I remember wondering what was going to happen to me. I had hope, even when I was hungry. All kids have hope. How else could they survive the disappointments? But I won't ever forget how it can be to need a job so desperately. And I won't forget that even when I didn't get the jobs. I got experience in how to take failure. It conditioned me for whatever success I have today. I just can't ever take it for granted."

"I remember once I tried to get a job in the chorus of 'On Your Toes.' I was in the lineup and I didn't have any money, not a peanut. This job was my big hope. I hadn't slept the night before. The casting director asked four of us to step forward. He looked beyond me, but I thought he meant me. I stepped forward, and then he said, 'I'm sorry. I didn't mean you.' I fell back in line. Afterwards, I went on out—with the others who hadn't been chosen. Still broke. Still hoping. I just had to tighten my belt and start over again, looking for work. You can talk all you want to about early struggles, but who really cares? No one lived through them with you. So far as other people are concerned, it's just part of getting started. They'll say, 'But of course, I'm sure Mr. Gable had a lot of disappointments, too.' It's part of a pattern that no one is particularly interested in hearing. But the person to whom it happened never forgets, or never should forget. Maybe those snubs and brushoffs and trials even helped make you into a better person. They can, you know, if you never forget that it's just a stroke of luck you aren't still making the rounds."

That's why, today, Van Johnson never takes his success for granted. That's why he is never too busy for the little guy. It isn't such a long yesterday to the time when he was a little guy himself. This strange and wonderful humility is what makes Van's future really hold glowing promise. Because of this I know that Van Johnson's tomorrow is not a thing of cake and frosting. It's more solid than that, for it's rooted in all his yesterdays.

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Continued from page 31

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cause Rex objected violently to Lilli's career. According to this story, he was annoyed because Lilli had made "Cloak and Dagger" and wanted her never to make another picture.)

"The whole story's ridiculous," said Lilli. "Rex has never opposed my career. We were together for thirteen months in England in the play 'No Time for Comedy.' The rôle was a bad one for me—I had to play a phoney pseudo-intellectual type. She should have been tall and dark with a natural American accent—and look at me." (Lilli is blonde with green eyes and with a slight continental accent). "But there was a good rôle for Rex in the play," Lilli continued, "and we wanted so much to be together and to work together that I took the part. I would have taken any part just to be with Rex. We worked together in the picture, 'Notorious Gentleman,' too. In that picture we both had rôles we liked. Of course, if my career kept me in Hollywood and Rex's kept him in England or vice versa, he might be opposed to such a separation, but my contract with United States Pictures runs parallel with Rex's contract with 20th Century-Fox."

"When I go to England," said Rex, "Lilli goes too. We plan to spend six months of the year in Hollywood, and six months in England. It keeps you alive to go back and forth between the two countries. You know then what's happening in the world."

"That's right," agreed Lilli. "It would be so easy to wallow in this beautiful

place and forget what is going on elsewhere. Rex and I like Hollywood very much, but we don't want to lose touch with the rest of the world."

There's little chance that they will. I've rarely met two people who are more vivid, more alive. To watch them together and listen to them is like having a front-row seat at a delightful drawing room comedy. This is true in spite of the fact that they have been through some hard times and went through the blitz in England.

The whole story of their romance is the kind of thing that could take place only in wartime England. When Lilli and Rex met, they were appearing in two different plays. Rex was in "Design for Living" and Lilli in a play called "You of All People." One day they were having lunch at the same hotel, but at different tables. Lilli resented the presence of the rival company in the same town. It seemed to her that it was the most atrocious mayhem on the box-office for another company to be appearing in such a popular play as "Design for Living." How could her play prosper if this rival company played the same towns at the same time? Briefly, she turned her glance toward the table at which the tall, vital-looking actor sat, and then she frowned. "Out of that frown," she laughs, "we fell in love."

Rex must have been intrigued by the frown. Perhaps he was also intrigued by the glimpse he caught of a slight, beautifully moulded figure, a radiant skin, and challenging green eyes. At any rate,



That's Rex Harrison behind the luxurious growth of beard which he wears for his next 20th Century-Fox film, co-starring Gene Tierney, "The Ghost and Mrs. Muir."

the very next day he persuaded a mutual friend to introduce them. It was love at first sight—or if you prefer, love at first frown. "We sat talking to each other for hours," confesses Lilli, "as if we had been waiting all our lives to meet each other. Then after we had talked and talked and talked, we both looked at our watches, and had to hurry away to our respective theaters. Each of us was half an hour late."

That was the beginning. Having fallen madly in love, they decided to get married. Even the war couldn't stop love for long. Although Rex served with the Royal Air Force in the radar section from 1940 to 1944, he found time during one of his leaves to get married. But in England, as in most countries, it is necessary to get a marriage license first. That meant a trip to Caxton Hall to register for a license. Rex might face bombings and shellings imperturbably, but he just couldn't face the thought of going to a registry office and confessing that he wanted to be married. This seemed to him somewhat in the same class as walking into a woman's store and ordering a black nightgown for a fiancée. Neither Lilli nor Rex knew where Caxton Hall was. Lilli sensibly wanted to ask for directions. "But you can't ask such a question," Rex said. "Everyone knows what going to Caxton Hall means." "So we drove round and round," Lilli laughs, "and finally we found the place. When we got there, we found a beaming young lady behind the desk. She was a ravishing blonde. For a moment I thought it was touch and go as to whether Rex would decide to marry her or me. Really, it's a crime; they shouldn't have such beautiful girls at registry offices."

"She certainly was lovely," said Rex, with a reminiscent twinkle.

"Rex stood there, unable to think of a word to say," went on Lilli. "Where is it?" he floundered. "Is there any place where one—?" That was as far as he got. The beaming girl finally came to his rescue and said, "Oh, you want to get married." Otherwise, I think it would have taken Rex forever to get the words past his tongue. Later we talked to the registry office man. The day of our wedding, he called Rex aside and whispered something to him. I thought, "What can have gone wrong? Why are they having this secret conversation?" Rex came out of the conference, his face beet red. "He wants five pounds," he said, humiliated. "I forgot to bring any money with me." I'd only brought a few shillings with me, so we had to borrow some money from our friends."

The honeymoon was even more hectic than the wedding. Rex and Lilli decided to spend their honeymoon at Torquay in Cornwall. "The place boasts two palm trees," chortled Rex, "so we in England fancy it looks quite Mediterranean. People in England go there and imagine themselves in a Mediterranean resort."

"What a time we had," chuckled Lilli. "When we got off the train, we were blown back by the bombing which was taking place then. Finally the all clear sounded and we went on to our hotel. But all week long there were sneak raids. The alert never stopped sounding. After a while, we paid no more attention to it."

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Which is hardly to be wondered at, for how could they pay attention to minor things like bombs falling all around them, when Rex was discovering more and more about the personality of the girl with the green eyes and Lilli was learning more and more about the mind behind Rex's searching, magnetic blue eyes.

Carey, their baby, was born in the middle of the blitz. He is a blond, blue-eyed young toddler. I asked Lilli whether she thought Carey looked more like her or more like his father. "More like me, I think. It would be hard for any baby to look like Rex."

Which is true, I think. Rex looks as if he had the wisdom of a thousand years in his eyes and at the same time the concentrated deviltry and mischief of a thousand years. But there's no deviltry at all in Rex when he's playing with Carey. You should see them together at the breakfast table. Carey has generally had his breakfast by the time Rex and Lilli sit down to theirs at 9 A.M. But Carey toddles into the room, carrying with him one or more books filled with pictures of animals. Rex has read these to him many times, so that he knows many of the lines by heart. He riffles the pages, pretends to be reading

about hippotamuses or giraffes or lions.

At other times, Rex plays ball with him, and teaches him how to kick a football around. Carey has also seen his father walk out of the house with a golf bag and stick, so one of Carey's most precious possessions is his own miniature golf bag. Whatever his father does fascinates Carey. He has seen his father driving a car, and so cars are high on the list of the things that fascinate Carey most. He has a hand-sized green car of his own. However, he claims he has three cars. The other two are wholly imaginary. One of the imaginary cars is a white Ford which he says he keeps in the garage, and another is a taxi, equally imaginary. One of Carey's favorite hobbies is to be driven by his father or his nurse, Pat, to an intersection of Wilshire Boulevard where he can watch the signals change and the cars whiz by.

While we were talking about Carey, the boy woke up, and asked his nurse if he could come over to see us. His mother and nurse gave permission, and so he toddled over, greeted his mother with a hug and myself with a handshake, after I had extended my hand to him. After Carey and I had talked about cars and things, his mother asked, "Don't you think you ought to go to the nursery?"



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"No, I don't think I think so," he said. "May I walk on the grass?" Permission granted, he toddled off happily.

But after a few minutes of grass-walking and of admiring the gold-fish in the small goldfish pool, when he was asked once again about whether he wanted to go to the nursery to get ready for a visit to Michael Boyer, he said, "I think I think so," and gladly went with his nurse.

Carey has impeccable manners. "He has been brought up strictly, with emphasis on manners," Lilli explains. "We owe a great deal to Pat, his nurse, who came over from England to take care of Carey. She says she will stay with us forever if we produce one child for her every five years."

"We agree completely on Carey's upbringing," Rex said. "We abhor bad manners in anyone, including children."

"I am fond of children but not of all children," admitted Lilli. "I hate hooligans, regardless of whether they are children or grown-ups."

I remarked that I was amazed at how sturdy and healthy Carey looked, as I had always imagined that children born in war-time England might look pale and under-nourished.

"All babies born in England look healthy," Lilli told me. "England takes very good care of its babies and mothers. Carey and I received special rations, as did all mothers and babies in England. When I knew I was going to have Carey, I was given a booklet called, 'Mother, Be Selfish.' The booklet went on to say, 'This piece of meat is for you. Do not share it with your family.' Every Tuesday expectant mothers queued up at the Town Hall for orange juice. The line stretched for blocks. It seemed even longer than it actually was, because we were all so noticeably expectant."

Although Rex and Lilli agree completely on the care and upbringing of Carey, there are other subjects on which they're in complete and happy disagreement.

"Rex's worst fault?" Lilli laughed. "He is not tidy around the house. He never closes a bureau drawer. And he never, never closes a door. Rex loathes closing doors. I asked him why once and he said he thought it was such a final gesture."

"And what do you think is Lilli's worst fault?" I asked Rex. He thought a couple of minutes. "It's a great compliment," I whispered to Lilli. "He can't think of any faults you have."

"On the contrary," laughed Lilli, "he has thought of so many he can't decide which is the worst one."

"My wife's worst fault is that she keeps on telling me to shut drawers," said Rex finally.

Lilli is also a back-seat driver. She thinks that Rex drives much too fast. She warns him of every person likely to cross the road.

"Lilli even complains when I am going at a perfectly normal speed," says Rex. "Uh huh," says Lilli, "a perfectly normal speed of 50 miles an hour on Sunset Boulevard."

Occasionally they argue because Lilli has kept Rex waiting; at other times be-

cause Lilli is ready first and Rex has kept her waiting.

Until recently, Rex used to like to stay up until the wee hours of the morning. He had been in the theater most of his life, and so far as he was concerned, the day began at 8:30 P.M. When Lilli would get sleepy at 11, he just couldn't believe it. No one, he was convinced, could possibly go to sleep that early. But Lilli's eyes would start to droop at 10, and by 11, the lids would be shut, no matter where she was. "She's a dreary girl. She's a wet blanket," Lilli laughed, referring to herself. "I must have ten hours' sleep. Seven or eight are enough for Rex, but not enough to keep me happy." However, since Rex has started getting early morning calls for pictures, he doesn't regard staying awake after midnight as one of the essential pleasures of life. When working, he, too, is happy to crawl into bed at 10 or 11.

During the day, no two people could be more wide awake. They both play croquet, tennis and ping pong, and like to go horseback riding and swimming.



From "King" to sea captain: Rex Harrison takes forty-five minutes longer for makeup.

They ride English saddle style. "The Western horses we rode on at Palm Springs were quite amazed and kept looking over their shoulders at us to see what we were doing," laughed Lilli. For swimming, they have a private tiny cove in the ocean where they like to go. It is about a 50 minutes' drive from their home, and carrying a hamper full of things, they go through two barbed wire fences, and wander around the dunes till they reach their secret cove. "We share it," says Rex, "only with a few sea lions."

They do a great deal of reading, too. Rex likes to read biographies and he also likes accounts of contemporary events in different countries. The more up-to-date one of these books is, the better he likes it. Lilli, on the other hand, prefers to read about periods in the dead, almost forgotten past. She

likes to read about people who have been dead at least 300 years.

In addition to reading for entertainment, Rex reads a great many books, with an eye to what sort of plays and pictures they will make. In his own mind, he casts each of these stories. Some day he hopes to own a theater of his own.

They go to movies rarely, usually seeing them only when they are visiting friends, and pictures are shown as part of the evening's entertainment.

One of their hobbies is not listening to the radio. They loathe the blatant continual commercials, which they haven't grown accustomed to as yet. The hobby of not listening to the radio is one they forego on Sundays for the pleasure of listening to Jack Benny, Fred Allen, Walter Winchell and other outstanding radio shows. For Jack Benny, they'll even listen to commercials without wincing too much.

Lilli admits that she is not particularly domestic. "I am an abominable cook," she says cheerfully. "Don't you think so, Bunny?" (Bunny, I learned later, doesn't refer to any rabbit-like qualities on the part of Rex, but is simply a contraction for "Honeybun" and is used by both Rex and Lilli as a pet name.)

Bunny agreed with Lilli's own estimate of her lack of ability as a cook. "She is not so bad with vegetables," he said. "But you can't cook meat, can you, Bunny?"

Since Rex likes good food well-cooked, the Harrisons have had a succession of cooks. On the continent they often had Hungarian cooks. "English cooking," said Rex, "is either very good or very bad." Of the English dishes Rex likes Southdown lamb—the best in the world, he says—Dover sole and English trifle. He likes roast beef, too, but thinks American roast beef is equally good.

The Harrisons were elated when I saw them because they had found a cook, Georgia, with whom they were very pleased. "She has been with us for a week," Rex said. "Praise her to the skies, because we hope she stays."

Rex still persists in the habit of liking a cup of tea for breakfast. He claims he is very cross at breakfast time until he has had that cup of tea and says he, with a twinkle, "a couple of alkalis." He eats a large breakfast—eggs, toast, marmalade, fruit and sometimes cereal. Later in the day at lunch or dinner, he may take a cup of coffee. But not for breakfast.

He thinks it would be a very pleasant idea to have a special kitchen for midnight snacks. In this kitchen, all the food would stand ready to be used. The potatoes would be peeled, the vegetables would be already washed; the meat or fish would be cut into just the proper slices. Under such circumstances, Rex would like to handle the cooking. "It would be fun then to put things in the frying pan and watch them sizzle." But since that kind of kitchen is hard to arrange for, Rex so far has limited his cooking to bacon and eggs and frying bread.

"As for me," smiles Lilli, "I have only one domestic hobby. I loathe all sorts of housework, but I do like knitting. The

first year of his life, Carey never wore anything except what I knitted."

Lilli and Rex have many pet extravagances—furniture (they bought all the furniture for their home themselves) books, fishing rods. They are always planning to be economical next week. But this week they never are. They have no pet economies, except that they dispense with the services of a business manager. "I don't see why people need business managers," said Rex, "unless they don't know how to handle their own financial affairs."

In the Harrison household, it is Lilli who handles financial affairs, makes the bankbook balance, sees that their account is not overdrawn. Before Lilli took care of such chores, Rex frequently overdrew his account.

"Do you think," I asked him, "that you could handle all your financial affairs without a manager if Lilli didn't do it?"

"No, I couldn't," said Rex, and grinned.

Lilli gets no help from Rex when it comes to shopping. He prefers her in dark colors, but will not go into a shop with her to tell her which dresses or hats he likes on her and which he abominates. "It would embarrass me very much to go into a woman's shop," he says.

"Unlike American men," Lilli explains, "Englishmen are not nearly so interested in female attire. It's almost unheard of for an English husband to go shopping with his wife."

"That's true," said Rex. "This is a woman's country. Interest here centers

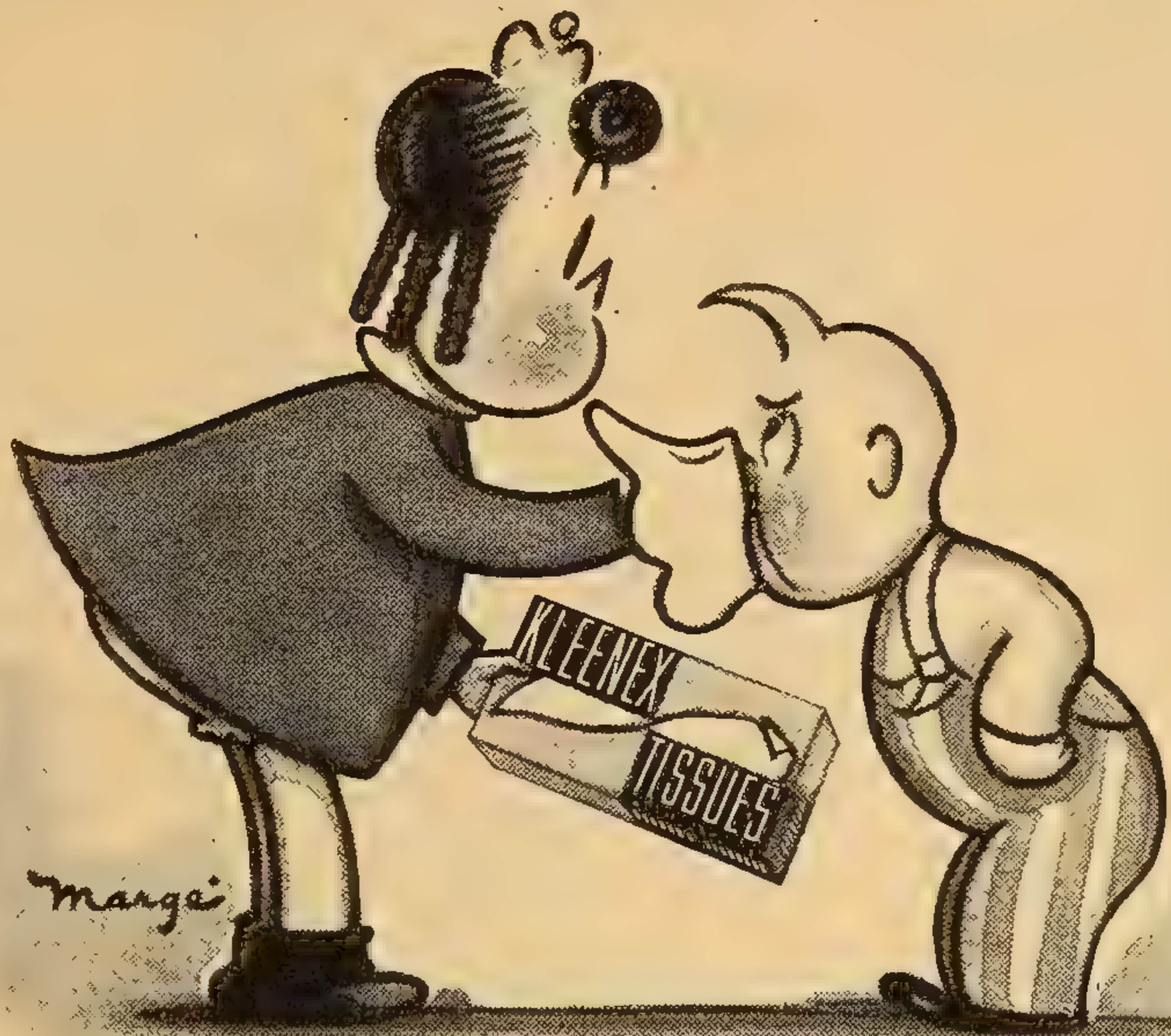
so much more around the woman. Ads are written to appeal to her—homes are built with a woman's needs largely in mind."

"Even the children's shops here," said Lilli, "cater much more to little girls than to boys. When we first came here and I wanted to buy hand-sewn clothes for Carey, such as all the good shops in England would have carried, I found that only two out of ten children's shops were for boys. When I asked them for pleated hand-sewn clothes, they said, shocked, 'Those are for girls.' In England clothes for little boys are made with great care. Here they are expected to play in rough football clothes. As for homes, as Rex said, the woman's needs are considered first. When there is a dressing room in a home, in England it would be intended for the man. Here the best dressing room is usually planned for the woman of the house."

"Of course," said Rex thoughtfully, "we're probably wrong in making a general statement. London is a man's town and is designed for men. Your big cities here are not to the same extent men's towns. But there are probably many exceptions. Perhaps in the industrial North and in the South, more is done to appeal to men. Lilli and I are naturally judging by the limited amount of traveling we've done in the United States. We'd like to do a great deal more. We want to see a lot of America—Yosemite, Grand Canyon and all the famous places."

Rex had to leave then to take some

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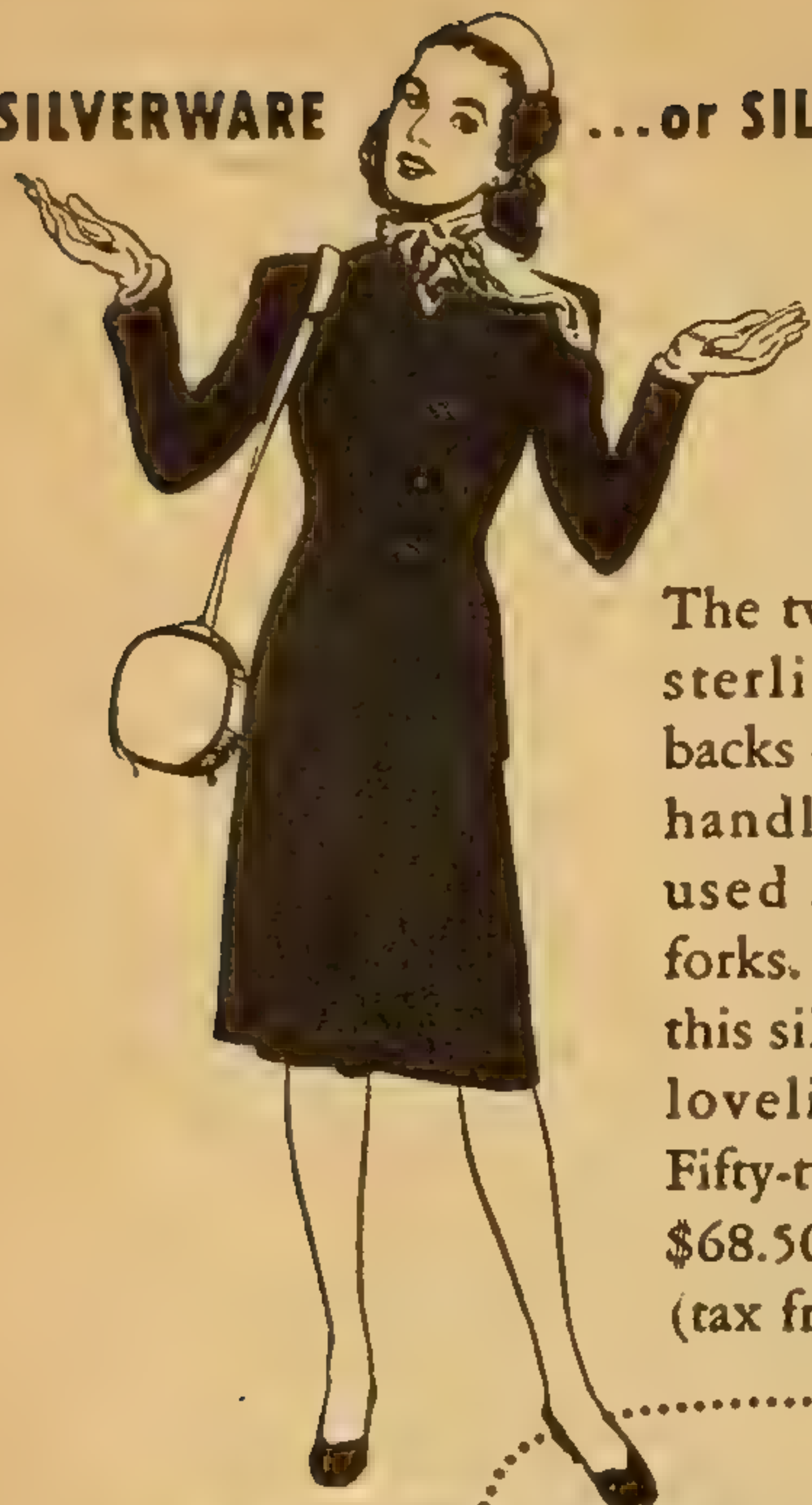
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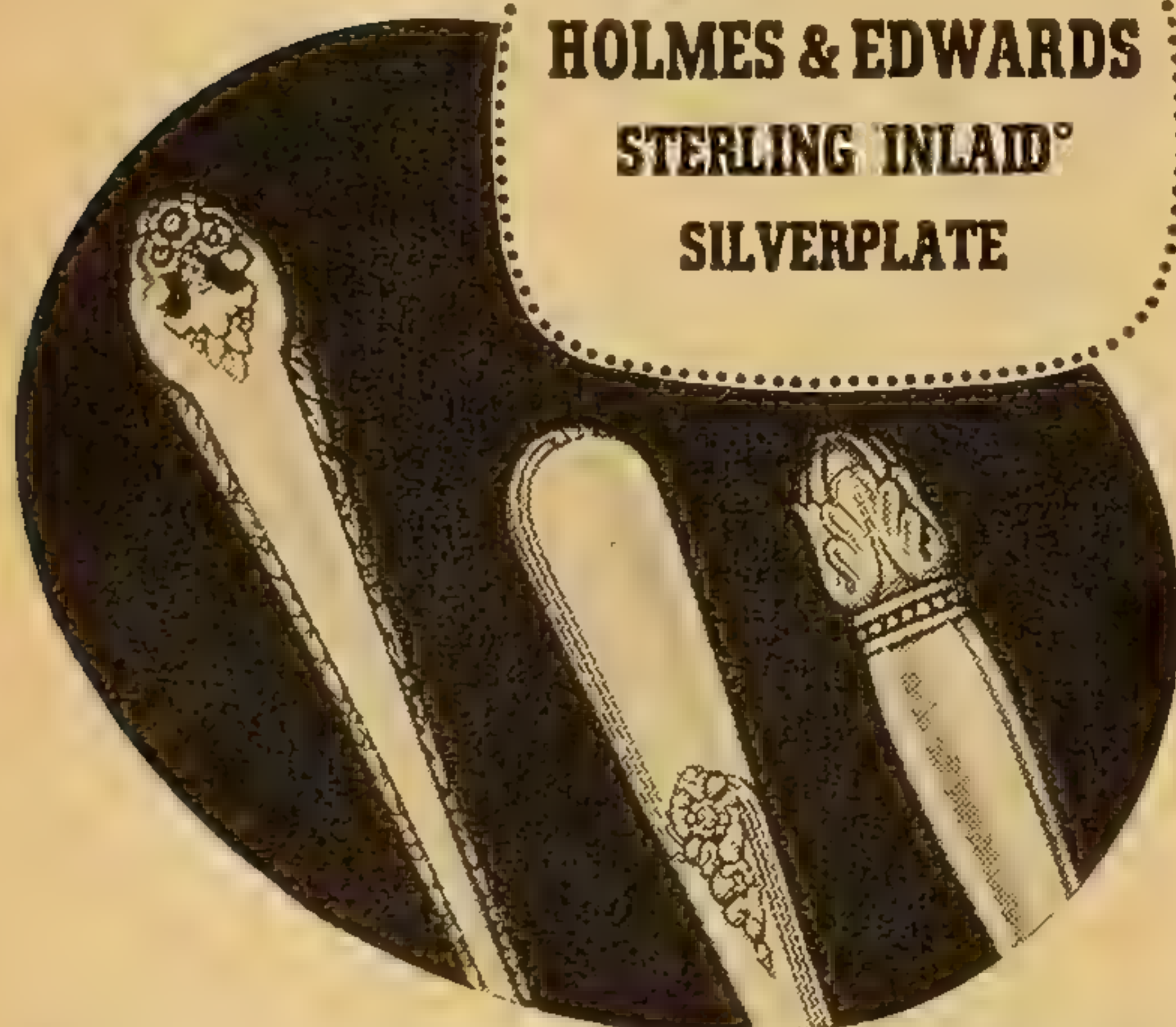
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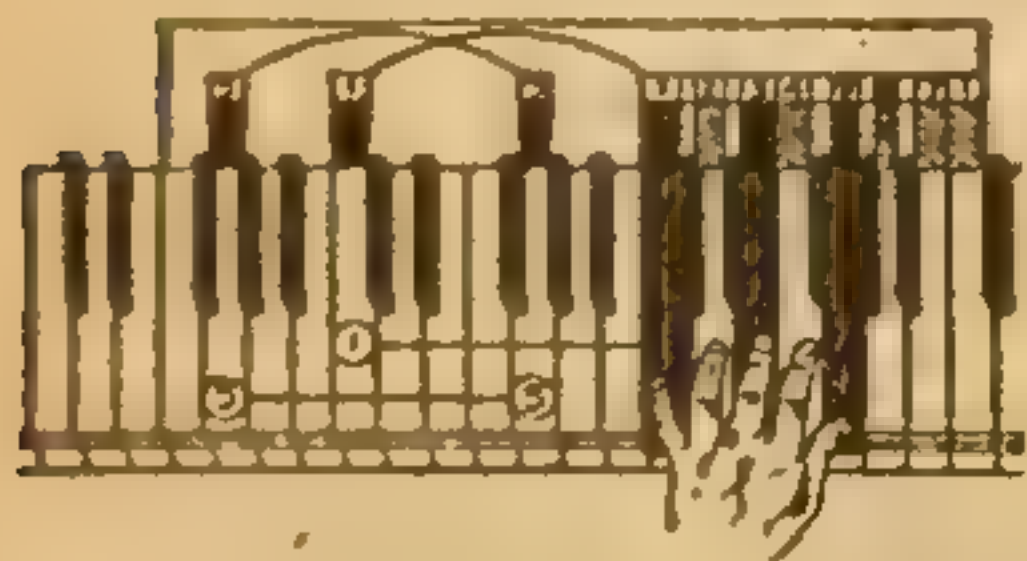
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Adele Jergens, Columbia actress appearing in "Down to Earth," gives a preview of what the best dressed film lovelies will be wearing on the beach this summer.

more tests at 20th Century-Fox. But Lilli went on with our interview. "My great hobby," she said, "is painting. I took it up in self-defense. I'd always hoped that some day I would have leisure enough to paint, and after I married Rex, I discovered that his great hobby was fishing. Well, you know when you're fishing, you can sit and fish for ten hours. When you're painting you can sit that long, too. So what could be more ideal than for me to paint while Rex fished? That's what we did once during a stay in Scotland. We really hit the heights when I painted a fish Rex caught. It was a nice river trout. As I painted, Rex said that the fish should be pinker with more black dots and much, much larger. With every passing instant, the fish grew larger and larger, until it ended up looking like a very large salmon instead of a river trout. The painting now hangs framed in a boathouse in our home in England."

I mentioned the paintings Lilli had in the living room. "They're really not very good," she said. "I only hung them there because I had nothing else to hang in those spots. At painting, I am purely an amateur. I have never yet sold a painting, although one woman has offered me \$25 for a still life I did. However, she is very short-sighted" (Lilli meant near-sighted) "and I can't decide whether or not to take advantage of her."

Besides art, Lilli is interested in music. In England she has a large collection of opera records; Rex is equally ardent about collecting swing records.

The piano in the house is mostly for the use of guests. Though she took lessons for eleven years, Lilli claims she can't play a single piece. "But I always think that some day I will study piano again."

Even if she's not super-domestic, Lilli wants children. Two more, besides Carey. She is one of three sisters herself, and feels that for a child to have no sisters or brothers is a very lonely thing.

"What else do you want out of life?" I asked.

The green eyes looked straight at me. "What else could I want? Oh, minor things, of course. To make better pictures, perhaps to have a little dog for Carey to play with. We haven't bought one yet, because we couldn't take a dog conveniently to England and should hate to leave it behind. But what more could I possibly ask of life?" Her eyes fastened on the lovely view from the terrace, then swung back to the nursery.

"Everything that's important that I might want, I have. Who could ask for anything more, except to keep what we already have? That's a full-time job."

Somehow as she spoke, I felt that she wasn't referring so much to her home in Holmby Hills or any of the material possessions they have acquired—the things she wants to keep and will keep forever, I think, are Rex Harrison's love and the quiet admiration of a little boy who hasn't the faintest idea that she is a movie star but who adores her and who remains unspoiled in a town notorious for spoiling children.

He Dates Destiny

Continued from page 38

was this experience in New Zealand that drove me back to trying the theater again. So many times in my life, coincidence has played a great part in moulding the future."

Another time and another boat marked the most amazing coincidence of all. It all ties in with those dear dead days at RKO, when Van was a confused and abused contract player. After completing several small rôles in several small pictures, he decided to take a boat trip through the Panama Canal. He sailed on the "Pennsylvania," but there was nothing significant about this trip *then*.

Time and Van Heflin marched on. In the early part of 1943 he stood on the stage of Grauman's Chinese Theater. While an audience went wild with enthusiasm, Van, now an officer in the United States Army Air Corps, received an "Oscar" for giving the best supporting performance in 1942. It was this rôle in "Johnny Eager," incidentally his first for MGM, that won him his award. The following morning he returned to camp. Several months later he was on his way overseas.

Have you ever had the feeling you've been in a certain place before, even though there were no familiar landmarks—not a sight, sound, nothing you recognized? Van on the crowded troopship grew more puzzled as their trip progressed. Then one morning he made a discovery.

"We were having lifeboat drill," he remembers. (And how he remembers!) "In the midst of maneuvers I happened to examine some equipment. Somehow it had escaped detection and there, stamped in plain view, was the name of the boat before it was taken into the naval reserve. Needless to say, it was the 'Pennsylvania.' But even more coincidental, I also discovered I was quar-

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tered in the *same* stateroom when I took that trip through the Canal. Only this time, instead of occupying it alone, we were *twelve!*"

Eventually they landed at Liverpool. There followed an experience in the London fog you'd even doubt in the movies. Lengthening the long line of coincidence, it actually happened to Van.

"We got in about noon," he recalls.

"But they held us on the boat until midnight. Liverpool was in blackout. The fog was thick enough to cut with a dull knife and it was *really* pitch-black, cold and eerie. We shuffled down the gangplank, each man loaded with carbines, tenting, three days' food supply, full equipment weighing over 150 lbs. As an officer, I had to help keep track of the men, watch for lighted ciga-



Van meets Van: The Van Heflins chat with Van Johnson at a party just before he departed for Juarez, Mexico, to wed Evie Wynn.



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rettes, make sure there were no slip-ups. All around us that impenetrable inky expanse, those endless shuffling feet. It's a mental picture I can't forget.

"At the dock milling mobs of ghost-like Red Cross girls emerged out of nowhere with doughnuts and hot coffee. It could so easily have been any girl out of the thousands I tapped on the shoulder. This particular one turned mechanically, and in that pea soup tried to distinguish my features. She stepped closer, her face a few inches away from mine. 'Van! Dear God, it is you, isn't it?' For a split second I actually thought I must be hearing things. There stood Whitney Bourne, a beautiful New York girl I last saw ten years ago at RKO when we played opposite each other in 'Flight From Glory.' From the day the picture finished, I never even heard about Whitney again. While she poured coffee, she fired questions. Between gulps, I tried to answer. In three minutes we covered ten years. And there we were saying goodbye again—in war it seemed like we were always saying goodbye to someone, somewhere."

It was the summer of 1930 that Van almost met Katharine Hepburn! Anxious to learn more about acting, he started studying with Frances Robinson Duff, the eminent New York coach. The day

on to make his mark in New York. When he played opposite Ina Claire in "End of Summer," Hepburn, on her first New York vacation since her Hollywood success, sat in the audience on opening night. Van had only spoken a few lines when she reached for her program and searched for his name.

By final curtain time a talent scout from Hollywood was waiting in Van's dressing room with a contract. He was about to sign when a note arrived from Katharine Hepburn. She was going to make "A Woman Rebels." Would he be interested in working on "those scenes" they never got around to doing at Frances Robinson Duff's? In other words, be in her picture!

"I'm sorry," said Van, as he handed back the contract. "I've just decided to make a picture with Katharine Hepburn. Years ago we almost worked together and now, through a coincidence, we are."

That was the start of their friendship. When Hepburn became "poison at the boxoffice" (today there are those who still smart at the mention of this title) she returned to New York and starred in Phillip Barry's "Philadelphia Story." When they were casting the rôle of the reporter (played by Jimmy Stewart on the screen) she suggested Van Heflin for the part. Altogether, the play ran



The Fred MacMurrays and Lina Romay find John Howard's conversation amusing at a party.

he took his first lesson was the day Hepburn took her first lesson. They passed each other on the stairway, she was going out just as he came in. A coincidence? We shall see.

"I hope you meet Katharine Hepburn," enthused Miss Duff. "She's going to do 'Warrior's Husband.' You two are so much alike—hardworking, talented, determined to reach the top. I think you would like each other, and it would be wonderful if you could work together."

Several meetings were arranged to work on scenes and get acquainted. Rehearsals or unexpected changes in plans always interfered. Eventually Hepburn went out to Hollywood, while Van stayed

for two years. Today they are both under contract to MGM and hope to find the right script for a co-starring picture.

During his four years of marriage to the lovely Frances Neal, Van was under the impression they knew everything about each other. Then one night they drove out to Inglewood, when "Possessed" (Van's loan-out picture to Warner Bros. that co-stars him with Joan Crawford) was being previewed. Later they went to a nearby drugstore for a drink. The soda jerk was one of those "characters" you can do without.

"He reminds me of a weird guy at the soda fountain of the corner drugstore near my New York apartment," re-



Perry Como paid a gag visit to Jo Stafford's NBC radio program—in barber's uniform!

marked Van, as he looked on with amusement. "He was always showing off, anything to attract attention."

"That's funny," said Frances. "There used to be a fellow like that at the corner drugstore where I lived. His name was Nick."

"This guy was named Nick, too!" Van couldn't believe it, even after he realized it was true.

At the time he was living with his sister, Frances Heflin (who scored such a hit in "I Remember Mama"). Van brought her to New York because—"I wanted her to see good acting and bad acting. Then she'd know the difference between the two, and if she did have talent, I knew she'd eventually act. In the meantime, I thought she should have responsibilities, so she took care of me. We had an apartment on West 58th Street, near Central Park. Being in the theater, I usually slept late, had breakfast in the early afternoon, and then took my dog for a walk. I remember a beautiful redhead in a plaid coat, who used to take her dog for a walk, too. I also remember she didn't turn around when I whistled! By a mere coincidence, years later, I learn I'm married to the girl!"

Checking in on the Warner lot for his rôle in "Possessed" (after Van made "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers" and "Till The Clouds Roll By") proved to be a coincidence within a coincidence. It was this writer who introduced Van to Joan Crawford, an old friend who was then the wife of Franchot Tone. Van was new in Hollywood at the time. Joan asked us to accompany them to Pantages Theater, where Franchot's picture was being previewed. Later we went to their house for a nightcap.

Driving back to Hollywood from Brentwood, Van was in a reflective mood.

"Joan Crawford is one of the first big Hollywood stars I've met out here," he remarked. "I don't know where I'm going, but I sure as heck hope I do as well as she has done. Strange things have happened to me. Wouldn't it be funny if Joan and I worked together some day?"

Warners didn't think it was "funny" when they needed a good actor who could convincingly dominate the character played by Joan—and still make the audience like him. They were lucky indeed to borrow him. Actually, it was the second time Van worked for that studio. Back in 1940, he played an oily black villain who bumped off little children in Errol Flynn's "Santa Fe Trail." Van eventually saw it in Texas when he was touring in "The Philadelphia Story." Hepburn accompanied him to an afternoon showing. When they saw what had happened to his part, Katie practically had to carry him out of the theater!

While making "Possessed," Van ripped his shoe on a protruding nail. Director Curtis Bernhardt dispatched a prop man to get a substitute pair from the wardrobe.

"I'm afraid you won't have much luck," Van warned him. "I have a peculiarly shaped foot. I take a size twelve quadruple A, and all my shoes have to be made to order."

Soon the prop man returned with a pair of shoes and a wide-spread grin. "Here they are," he announced. "Made to order—even have your name inside. They're the only pair the wardrobe ever had in this size. They were made for you when you worked in 'Santa Fe Trail' and no one has had them on since."

Recently, after seeing the rushes on "Green Dolphin Street," Movie Mogul Mr. Mayer offered Van a straight fifteen-year contract—with no options. Naturally, he was flattered and pleased. After great deliberation, he decided he only wanted to tie himself down for the next seven years, with twelve months off to do a play. Van being about the best young actor in pictures, Mr. Mayer wasn't taking any chances of losing him. And that is no coincidence!



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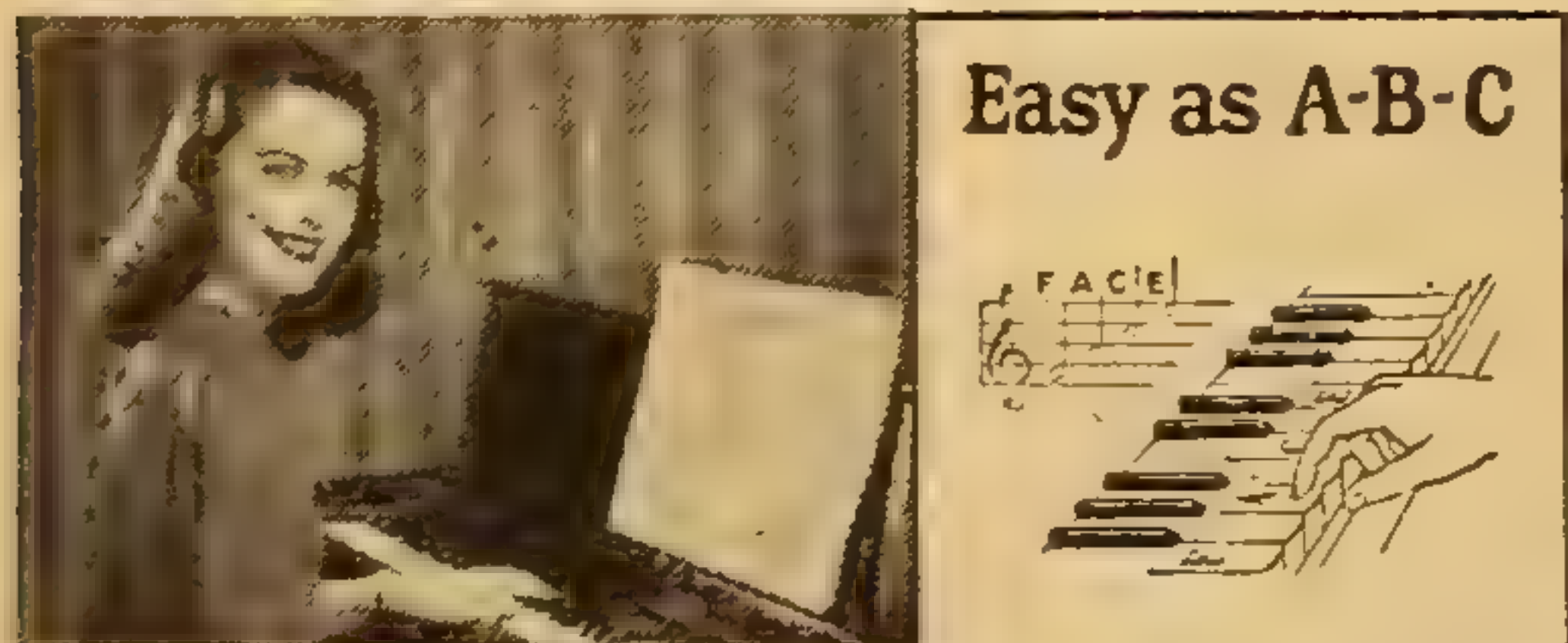
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schooled. Heady stuff. Except that the Janises knew how to modulate such a background to the benefit of a growing boy—and let me assure you that on Conrad it looks good. He tells you all about the modernists, the surrealists, the dadaists, so sensibly, so knowingly, that you wonder why it never seemed so clear to you before. He explains to you about dreams and their meaning, how you can train yourself to remember them—"You see," he says, looking more like *Penrod*, with his face washed, than a youthful aesthete (which he isn't, either), "all of your dreams take place in forty seconds or less, and happen just before you wake up. Surrealists train themselves to remember these dreams, and to record them in art—fascinating, even though it's not very profitable. Except for Dali, who went commercial, sold out." Then he grins, and bites into a bacon-and-tomato sandwich—"Don't know why I order these things," he sidetracks, fussing with a tough piece of bacon, "I don't even like them."

Getting back to Central Park West. Conrad continues by telling you that the place was always crowded with artists who weren't doing so well. Every sofa, extra bed, and hallway was usually occupied by a starving artist. So young Conrad was sent off to The Little Red Schoolhouse, a progressive school, to learn how to get along with other kids his age, and how to kick a mean football. And despite what you've heard about progressive schools Conrad insists he even learned to read and write at good old L.R.S.

By the time he hit 13, and had turned into a champ baseball player, tennis player, swimmer, and diver (and went through a fortunate voice change that killed his beautiful soprano), a classmate, who took stage rôles occasionally, asked him to go along with him to Max Gordon's office while he read for "Junior Miss," which was being cast at the time. "Sure, why not," said Conrad, "maybe I can get a pass to a show, or something." He got a pass, all right, and he also got the part of *Haskell Cummings* for the road company of the show, which part he played for twenty months, hitting every state in the union. "Okay, so I'm an actor," cracks Conrad. But let's not overlook the fact that every producer who's ever seen him (even for forty seconds) has signed him up, on the spot. Conrad's got that kind of magnetism—and it's coming right out on the screen, too.

Came next, a part in "Dark of the Moon," on Broadway, and "The Next Half Hour," in which he was murdered at the end of the first act—but long enough for George Abbott's talent scouts to spot him, get him That Test for "Snafu," and eventually the lead in the picture of the same name—although another kid was already signed!

With "Snafu" finished, Conrad returned to New York, just in time to find himself contracted to 20th and assigned to one of the leads in "Margie." At this

time, Conrad was still 17, technically a minor. But he was dying to make the trip back to Hollywood by car, with brother Carroll (who's a fast 14). The elder Janises were aghast. They wouldn't allow a 3500-mile motor trip by a couple of fresh kids, no matter how much pleading. But between the two of them, they cooked up a likely story about their grand old music teacher accompanying them—and even talked the folks out of \$50 for incidental expenses. Mrs. Janis gets a nervous green even now (six months later) when she thinks of it. Well, that's what she gets for being the mother of bright boys like that.

Conrad hit 18 a few weeks ago—and promptly walked out on the studio school. "That's enough of that," he proclaimed, a free man. College? "What for?" he really wants to know.

Mama and Conrad and Carroll used to live together in two rooms in a hotel in



Leslie Brooks adds her feminine loveliness to outdoor scene in "It's Great To Be Young."

Hollywood, but they had to buy a house so they could keep all their baseball mits, Van Goghs, outgrown clothes, and Conrad's pipe collection in comfort. "Needed more room, that's all," he says. "Do you realize that I had to find room for over a thousand pipes?"

He dated the flashiest young girls in town, for a while, but now he's terribly busy being engaged to just one, Sherry Bennett of New York and the "Junior Miss" cast. They're very very engaged, Conrad insists, but she's career-ing in New York, he's burning up the screens out here—so marriage will have to wait. "But we'll work this out," Conrad beams. "I'm engaged, I tell you!"

"I Have Learned Through Love"

Continued from page 51

goodbye for them, he thought. He felt a poignant regret because the only woman he'd ever met since his divorce who could mean a great deal to him was married to someone else.

That evening when he picked up his newspaper, he felt both better and worse. For the newspaper carried a photograph of Cleatus, and the news that she was asking for a divorce from Ken Murray. He felt sad for her disillusionment in marriage and therefore worse than before; but there was a chance for him now, and so he felt better than before. He asked Mrs. Van Heflin for Cleatus' phone number, and decided he would call her. Then he lost his nerve. Underneath his seeming poise and assurance, Bob really has an inferiority complex. He didn't see how a girl as lovely as Cleatus could possibly be interested in him.

But he was wrong. Unknown to Bob, Cleatus was a great fan of his. She had seen him in "Hollywood Canteen," and had thought him handsome, likeable and a very fine actor. Meeting him in person, she had been impressed and attracted from the very first moment. She had thought, "He looks so tall, so very masculine—and yet at the same time, very kind." She knew he'd asked for her phone number, and for a couple of days after that, she had thought he might call. But when he didn't, she tried to put him out of her mind, until one night they met by accident at the Mocambo, and danced with each other. This time Bob got up enough courage to ask for a date—and got it. It was followed by other dates.

Soon these two found that they couldn't put each other out of their minds, and they discovered, too, that they liked and believed in many of the same things. They both came from small towns, Cleatus from Okehmah in Oklahoma, Bob from Kingston, New York. And there still clung to both of them some of that simplicity and humanness which small town people are apt to possess. Cleatus' two sons adored Bob, too. He likes children, and he felt completely at home with the two small boys.

"If he hadn't been like that," I told Cleatus, "I'd be willing to bet any amount of money, you'd never have married him."

She smiled and said nothing. Cleatus is a very wise woman, not overtalkative as some women are, but possessed of the quiet eloquence of silence at the right times.

After Bob had known Cleatus for four weeks, he gave her a gold bracelet with a heart and a key—his first gift to her and still the one she cherishes most. She wore the bracelet proudly because it came from Bob, and they talked of marriage. Both were very serious. They began to count the months until their divorces would be final, and they would both be free to marry.

And then something happened. Bob says simply, "One night I made a very bad mistake," and for the first time dur-

ing the interview, a shadow passed over his face, as if he were remembering something that it hurt to remember. I waited for Bob to go on, but a pall of silence fell over the table. Then he said, "You're waiting for me to say more, but I can't. Too much has been said already." I turned to Cleatus, but she was too wise and too tactful to say anything further. Her attitude says more plainly than words that if Bob doesn't want to say anything about the cause of their quarrel, she certainly will say nothing.

Shakespeare knew what he was talking about when he said, "The course of true love never did run smooth." Bob's love for Cleatus was true and real. Still, when they quarreled, it looked like the end of their romance. Perhaps only two people intensely in love with each other could quarrel so intensely.

"I put the bracelet with the key and the heart in a box," Cleatus told me.

"Did you think that you and Bob would eventually be reconciled?" I asked.

She shook her head. "No, I didn't, but I still treasured Bob's gift."

For nine months, Bob and Cleatus did not see each other, except when they met accidentally at parties. Theoretically, these should have been the gayest nine months of Bob's life. There were no new picture assignments; he could spend all the time he pleased at parties, escorting beautiful girls. Many fans who didn't know the true situation assumed that Bob was gay and happy. When he was photographed by newspaper cameramen and magazine photographers, he did his best to convey the illusion that he was carefree; usually he wore a broad and seemingly happy smile. It was only when the cameramen went away that he allowed his face to express his true feelings—which were the exact opposite of those he revealed.

"I have never been so miserable in all my life as I was during those nine

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months," Bob told me. "Everything went wrong. Though I was still under contract to Warners, they had no pictures for me, and I wanted to work very badly. Although people pegged me as a playboy, I was fed to the teeth with parties and night clubs. Ever since I'd met Cleatus, I'd wanted something different out of life, and I had known what I wanted. I knew I had made a bad mistake, and at first I was stubborn about admitting it. Then I was frantic. All the time, in spite of our quarrel, I had really been in love with Cleatus. She was the girl I wanted—no one else. But I knew that if I had been in her place, I would never have forgiven me. She finally did."

"Thank heavens I did," laughed Cleatus, touching Bob's hand gently, in a gesture which said more plainly than words that the happiness they're now finding together more than makes up for all the pain in the past.

In August, 1946, Al Bloomingdale was giving a small dinner party. Bob persuaded some of his friends to coax Cleatus to accept his invitation to act as her escort. Finally she agreed, for her heart was on his side, and so also was the golden heart she had kept locked securely in a box, a mute reminder of happier days.

"From the moment we started going out together again, everything changed," Bob told me. "I don't want to refer to Cleatus as a good luck coin, but with her return to my life, everything changed for the better. Warners gave me an excellent rôle in 'Love and Learn.' Two very good opportunities for loan-outs came along, one of them a rôle at Universal-International under the direction of Robert Siodmak, who directed 'The Dark Mirror' and 'The Spiral Staircase.' And of course, my personal life was far, far happier. I'd been trying to get enjoyment out of things I didn't really care for. With Cleatus I could be myself, doing the things we both like to do. The hobbies we enjoy are very simple—listening to rhumba music, going to occa-

sional movies, reading books like 'The Black Rose' and 'Arch of Triumph' and playing card games—our favorite is one called Oklahoma. We both wanted a home. I've not had a real home since I left my parents' home to go to school. Since then I've lived mostly in furnished apartments and hotel rooms. Cleatus and I discussed the kind of home we wanted—a white farmhouse with vines clambering all over it and a fireplace in the bedroom. Well, you know how hard it is to find such homes in these days of housing scarcities. But I'm lucky enough to be married to a woman who says, 'Everything will work out all right,' and for some reason it does.

"A week before our marriage, there was an ad in the Hollywood Reporter, offering an Encino home for rent. Cleatus and I went out to Encino to see it, and were delighted, for it was in almost every respect the home of our dreams. Situated on two acres on the side of a hill, it's a white farmhouse with a red tile roof, and there are vines growing all over the house. There are three fireplaces, and one is in the bedroom. We rented the house. We like it so well that we want to buy it. However, so far the owner hasn't agreed to sell, but says that if he does put the house on the market, he will give us the first chance at it. Already we are planning just what we will do if we ever own it. In our own minds we've already added another bedroom and bath, and have had the grounds completely landscaped.

"We're so happy with that house," went on Bob breathlessly. "Ever since our marriage, I've been working on 'Love and Learn' with scarcely a free hour to myself. But even when I know that I shall be able to spend only fifteen minutes at home, I dash over there just to look at it and to revel in the idea of living in a home, and not just in an apartment."

Cleatus and Bob were married at the El Rancho Vegas Hotel in Las Vegas one breathless weekend in October. Bob was still working on his Warner picture



Robert Hutton's co-star in the Universal-International production, "Time Out of Mind," is the lovely British star, Phyllis Calvert, in Hollywood for her first picture.

at the time, and a weekend was all the time the studio could give him for his honeymoon. Cleatus and Bob decided to drive down on Friday night. Cleatus went with her mother and stepfather and with Jimmy Lydon and his wife, who are close friends of the Huttons. Bob drove down with Sara Hamilton, a writer on Louella Parsons' staff. Just outside of San Bernardino, the front tire blew out. In dismay, Bob remembered that he didn't have a jack with him, though he obviously needed one. "But heaven was on our side," he says. "I hailed an old, broken-down taxi, and by some miracle, the driver had a brand-new jack, which he sold me. So I kept on driving. But before we'd gone another thirty miles, the rear tire blew out. By that time I realized that none of the tires were any good and that unless I could get four new tires, the chances were that I'd never reach Las Vegas in time to get married. Getting four new tires seemed an almost hopeless impossibility. I tried, however, to think along the same lines as Cleatus does—that everything would work out all right—and it did. In Barstow I was lucky enough to find a gas station, where they sold me four brand new tires which were exactly right for my car. From Barstow, I also phoned and left a message for Cleatus, explaining the delay."

Cleatus arrived at 3 A. M. Saturday morning, Bob and Sara Hamilton almost six hours later. But Bob was still in plenty of time for the wedding. He and Cleatus had hoped to be married by a minister, but it was impossible to get a minister that day, so they decided to be married by a justice of the peace instead, and to be remarried at some later date by a minister. However, both Bob and Cleatus were very much impressed by the beauty of the ceremony. Contrary to most preconceived notions of the businesslike formality of a wedding by a justice of the peace, this particular ceremony had great dignity. "The words of the ceremony were lovely," Cleatus told me. "The justice of the peace didn't tell

Bob to kiss the bride, but he did anyway."

"I wouldn't pass up that part of the ceremony," laughed Bob. And no wonder—for Cleatus was simply radiant in a grey-blue lace dress with a lace hat framing her face.

The wedding party, which went off flawlessly, was arranged by Abe Schiller, of the public relations department of the El Rancho Vegas Hotel. "He took care of everything," Bob said gratefully. "I didn't have time to do anything but buy the bridal bouquet. We flew back in a private plane furnished by the hotel. I had flown before, but never in so small a plane, and consequently I was scared stiff. All the way home I prayed, 'Please dear God, let us get home safely.' Now that a new life was beginning for Cleatus and myself, I didn't want anything to happen to either of us. When the plane hit an air pocket, I thought, 'This is it.' But in spite of Bob's premonitions, they arrived safely."

Bob was right in his feeling that a new life was beginning for him and Cleatus. For the first time in his life, Bob had gone very domestic, and he is very appreciative of the fact that Cleatus has made him the center of a real home and a truly domestic life. On weekday mornings, Cleatus gets up at 6:30 A. M. and makes waffles, bacon, coffee and orange juice for Bob and herself. "Sometimes I almost wish Cleatus wouldn't do it, because it makes such a long day for her," Bob said, "but she wants to, and of course, we enjoy having all our breakfasts together."

The Huttons also have their dinners together. Though they have a cook, on the cook's day out Cleatus can get up a pretty good meal. Bob is the salad man for the house, preparing his own version of one of his favorites, Di Cicco salad.

When he has any free time at all, he likes to help with the household chores. With the help of Cleatus' older son, Kenneth, he did an excellent job recently of cleaning the front and back yards thoroughly. He's perfectly happy about lend-



The busy Bob also co-stars with Martha Vickers in the Warner Brothers' picture, "Love and Learn." Here they check their timepieces for a gay scene in the film romance.

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ing a hand with the dishes on the maid's day off.

"Drying dishes is fun," says Bob. "I have fun doing everything. Once, before I was married to Cleatus, I asked Delmar Davies, the director, how he managed to stay happily married. He said, 'If you have fun doing everything, you'll be happy. If you make a mistake together, laugh about it. And that,'" said Bob, "is what is happening to us. Cleatus and I haven't had any arguments since we got married. We got all our arguments out of our systems before we were married. In those days I used to be very stubborn, but I think I am overcoming it. I also used to sulk about little things, but I'm getting over that, too.

"I have certainly learned a lot of things from love. I've realized that a lot of things that I used to do are silly. I think night clubs are silly, and we go to them very seldom. I used to sleep late on Sundays, getting up as a rule at two in the afternoon. I would have been content to sleep all day. Now I get up at 9 A. M. on Sundays, because I want to enjoy every minute of the day."

And he does enjoy every minute, because he and Cleatus are now doing the things they really want to do. They're so happy that they both sing in the shower—though Bob claims if anyone but Cleatus heard the way he sings, it would ruin his career. As for Cleatus, she hardly thinks her singing voice is any great shakes, either. But she can act.

For some time the studios have been after Cleatus to sign a term contract. She has made only one picture, "Susie Steps Out," for Buddy Rogers, but her wholesome, serene beauty has interested several studios in her. If she wants a career, Bob doesn't object to her having one. "However," she says, "I won't sign a term contract with any studio, for I don't want a career that might interfere with our marriage. If Bob gets a vacation at any time, I want to be free to go away with him. I don't mind making a picture now and then if the rôle is good, but there will be no contracts for more than a single picture at a time. If the studios don't see this my way, then I won't make any pictures."

Only a woman who was completely certain of her own happiness in marriage would take such a stand. More than anything else in the world, Cleatus wants to make Bob happy. This is evidenced in even the smallest things. Bob's favorite color is green. Cleatus has never worn green, but is now having a dress made up in that color. "Another nice thing Cleatus has done," Bob commented, "is to have a pink and black suit especially made, because I like suits. Cleatus never used to care for suits, but I think a good suit looks attractive on a beautiful woman."

In spite of the fact that Bob has had so little free time, he goes shopping with Cleatus whenever possible. Unlike many men, he actually sees what she wears. As a rule, he doesn't like hats, and neither does Cleatus. However, he liked the hat she wore the first time he met her, and though a year and a half has passed since then, he described that particular hat in exact detail. "There were pink

flowers all around your face," he said, "and the hat was satin. Isn't that right?"

His eyes looked triumphant because he'd remembered it so well, and Cleatus said, "Yes, that's exactly right," smiled and pressed Bob's hand, while she explained to me, "The flowers were piped on the satin." And her face wore that special look of pleasure that women get when the men we love prove that they really notice what we wear!

Bob and Cleatus have never had a difference of opinion, except on politics. Bob's Republican; Cleatus votes the Democratic ticket. "I couldn't help rubbing it in recently," laughed Bob, "when there was a Republican landslide." But Cleatus didn't rise to the bait. She shrugged her shoulders, smiled, admitted it was certainly a landslide. She thinks arguing with your husband about politics is silly.

Even before their marriage, Bob showed an almost paternal interest in Cleatus' two youngsters. After they were married, the average husband would have waited until Christmas to get the children an important gift, but Bob couldn't wait. For some time he'd had his eyes on an electric train that he knew the two boys would like very much; long before Christmas the electric train and all the paraphernalia that went with it were in the Hutton household. "I enjoy it just as much as the two kids do," Bob says, laughing. When he's not busy working on a picture or holding hands with Cleatus, you're apt to find him on the floor, romping with the two boys, who look on bug-eyed as he makes the train go through its paces. The sight of Bob at such a moment convinces you that the more a man matures emotionally, the closer he comes in his heart to an understanding of childhood. Only a truly grown-up man can understand the heart of a child.

Both Cleatus and Bob look forward to having children. "We hope the first one will be a girl," they told me almost in unison. "It would be wonderful for the two boys to have a sister."

Before we left, Bob explained why being married to Cleatus has him walking on clouds. "She has a sweet disposition. She is not selfish. She makes me feel that the things I do are more important than the things she does. She has good sense, a good business head—I would take her advice about anything. She will make me work harder than if I were single. That's why I say that if anything happens to this marriage, we'll know that a happy marriage in Hollywood is impossible. For we have all the ingredients to make ours the happiest marriage in Hollywood."

They walked out of the Players, hand in hand. Just before they left, Bob said smilingly, "I wouldn't be able to find my way anywhere, without Cleatus' help. You know I'm very near-sighted, and she leads me around like a wonderful Seeing Eye dog. Cleatus is my head, and my heart and my eyes."

She is indeed. Through knowing Cleatus, Bob has not only been able to know the guidance of her hand when he's too near-sighted to see where he's going, but he has also learned to see the world through the guidance of her heart.

Strictly Dynamite

Continued from page 42

contrasted with his love of a more outdoor existence—hunting, skiing, racing. He's unusual, even in an unusual town like Hollywood. He's not bashful nor tongue-tied. His directness and frankness on subjects often taboo in this town show a positive personality, unafraid. He's a new one for the books, and a year from now don't say we never tell you these things.

In the first place, his background isn't the usual Hollywood rags-to-riches one. Although he was born in this country, he spent his early childhood in Europe. He acquired certain cosmopolitan tastes, a broader viewpoint from this beginning. Also, when his mother and he returned to the States, he grew up in surroundings where summers at Lake Tahoe at their place there, stables, Chris-Crafts, skiing, rounded out his life in a more cosmopolitan way than most. From all this, you might expect the result to be a little on the stuffed shirt side; but the most interesting part of his personality is that, despite his background, he has his values very straight.

For instance, he doesn't believe that such a background is important. He has greater admiration for people who come up the hard way. He thinks they have more character when they make something out of themselves, despite the odds that are against them. He doesn't judge people by surface charm, nor by who their people were, nor their education. Having had these things, he isn't fooled by them. He judges people by what they are inside, and he possesses an uncanny accuracy in sizing up the other fellow. He thinks clearly.

He speaks his mind, even upon a touchy subject like that of *women*. He likes femininity, he will say, but not to the point of helplessness. He likes a girl who can drive a car, play a fast set of tennis, go fishing, hiking and hunting. He hates hats, and sticks his neck out with a broadside like this: "They have gone crazy on hats. If a woman has a broken love affair, she goes out and buys a hat. If they are that important to women, then hats are pretty important. But such hats! Like the one I saw the other night. I thought, 'Oh, no! It can't be!' You couldn't see the woman for the hat. I don't like to go dancing, either, and get poked in the eye with a feather or a bow or a veil. Nope, I don't like hats! I'd much rather see a girl's hair."

Nevertheless, Bob will make some girl a good husband, regardless of these rather caustic remarks. There isn't anyone special on his romantic horizon right now, but today it's rather evident that whoever the future Mrs. Stack may be, she'll be happy. For Bob's views on Hollywood marriage and how to make a wife serene and joyous, despite the fact that her husband is daily surrounded by the most beautiful women in the world, is idealistic and heart-warming. "A man has to appreciate the woman he marries," he says. "There are so many lovely girls in this town that many wives feel unattractive. This wouldn't happen if

the man had any common sense or if he had respect for his wife. It's a matter of understanding how unimportant surface things are. If a man feels he has married a *woman*, someone real and fine, he should make her feel this, too. I believe that too many men go into marriage with the idea that if it doesn't work, they can always get out of it; that it's a gamble. Of course, anything is a gamble. There's an element of chance in any marriage. But if you go *into* it with the idea that it's a gamble, that's something else again. One man told me that the first time you married, it was for experience. He said it was like a house: you learn from the first house what to build in the second. That approach to marriage isn't for me. When I marry, I want it to stick, and I intend to do my part to see that it does.

"That's why I won't marry until I hear bells ringing, until I know. I want to be sure our interests are mutual so we can enjoy things together. Adaptability is the thing she should have, and I should have it, too. Marriage shouldn't be one-sided. It should be a good balance.

"I don't think it's particularly important for a wife to have a college background. It's nice, but I think the good old days, when they used to teach women how to be hostesses and the right kind of silver to use, weren't bad. I think basic intelligence, an ability to get along with people, to make them feel happy and beloved, is a whole lot more important than knowing about Central Asia, or something." Bob is thinking of happiness idealistically, but even so, his feet are on the ground. He isn't going to tread rosy clouds, but the good earth.

Bob has a quality of solidity. Today, should fame come to him suddenly, he'd be able to handle it. He's been conditioned for it. When he was sixteen, he was the fifth best shot in the world. At that age, you are apt to think you are pretty good. Maybe he got a little cocky, but his older brother said, "Look, you may be a good shot, but I can still lick the devil out of you." So before Bob even started thinking making all-American at sixteen was pretty special, he was back to earth. It would be the same today.

Not that Bob expects over-night success. After all, he has been in this business since before the war, and that's hardly "over-night." But he does want a chance to progress. He wants to be one of the best. Since he was a kid, he has wanted to be first. "I've always felt that way about everything I have ever done on my own. I like the feeling of making my own life, of shooting for the top. I've done that pretty well in sports, and it's a basic instinct with me. I feel that there always has to be an end in view. You can't just exist and take what comes along; you have to help mold your future. Whether in the end I will act all my life, or produce, I don't know. But I do know that a man must not only have self-respect but the respect of peo-

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ple around him. So many people are content just to go on living. In their careers, they are content not to progress but to go on doing the same things they have been doing for the last ten years. I wouldn't like that. I'd rather be like Bob Montgomery, who attacks every new rôle with the idea of progressing, of being better. That's the way I would like my life to be: never standing still, going forward always. You can't be happy unless you *do* something to be happy. You have to do it yourself. No one else can do it for you."

Yes, glamor build-up to the contrary, Bob Stack has earthy ideas. He is also a contradiction. Sensitive, idealistic, he likes the warmth and comfort of home, good books, poetry, music. He loves beautiful scenery. He is aware of the beauty of color, of light and shadow. On the other hand, he is a huntsman. He loves to tramp for days, to pack back into the mountains. He likes to go fishing. Whenever he can get out of Hollywood, he goes to the wilds: to ski runs in the winter, to water and beaches and sun in the summer. Talking with backwoodsmen in their lingo, Bob Stack is a far cry from the man who sits spellbound during Hollywood Bowl concerts. He has to be rugged to be masculine and virile. He has to be sensitive to appreciate the nuances of a phrase or a scene.

There is still another Bob Stack, a rather gay, witty, twinkling person who has a sense of humor, and whose anecdotes are usually directed at himself. He lives with his mother, but he has his half of the house and she has hers. He will tell you about a particular day which was the cook's day off. Bob—who had invited a girl friend over for swimming—was faced with the prospect of cooking some eggs. "They burned on the bottom," he'll explain. "I cooked them so long you couldn't cut them. She was very polite; she ate them. But they were horrible things. I thought eggs had enough juice in themselves. They certainly are juicy enough when you break them open. Besides, no one told me you were supposed to put butter in the pan. Anyway, the cook hides things. I looked all over hell and high water for the frying pan. Finally, I settled on cooking the eggs in a cookie tin. When the cook came back, I said, 'Where in the world do you hide the pans?' She said, 'In the oven; that's logical, isn't it?' It wasn't logical to me. Anyway, I had burned the bottom of the cookie tin, and the cook was mad. Since all I can cook is eggs, I'm going to learn to boil them tonight. Save the cookie tins!"

Or he will tell you how he is decorating his half of the house. "It will probably look like God knows what," he'll remark, "but at least it will be mine. There's going to be a little room where I can stick a bar in the corner; and there'll be a place for my guns and trophies. I'm putting in a fireplace, and I've bought two quarter circle couches for in front of it. It may look horrible to everyone else, but it will look nice to me. I'm getting a big boot out of fixing it up."

Then he'll dream aloud about the type of house he wants when he gets married. "It will have to be a big house," he'll

muse, "because I want three or four children. And the ceilings should be low and friendly. I don't like high ceilings; I think they make rooms look cold and give a feeling of formality. I think when you live in a certain kind of country, your house should follow the flavor of



Jeff O'Donnell borrows an intriguing idea from Mr. Easter Bunny for her pert spring chapeau.

the place. If you are going to live in California, you should have an informal, casual California house. I like a place to be liveable, not period-ish. I want to feel when our friends sit down, they won't break the chairs. I'd want enough grounds so we could have a swimming pool to dunk the baby in. And I'd want a fairly large lawn. I've always loved lawns." One of Bob's personality traits is that he's always looking to the future: thinking of a wife, a home, and a family before he has even met the girl!

You have a feeling when talking to Bob that he is racing forward into tomorrow, that he can hardly wait. There is a certain impatience in his step, a quick nervousness to his gestures. He loves excitement, likes to drive fast when he's out on an open road. To Bob, life is an adventure, every phase of which unfolds too slowly. But once again the study in contrasts comes up when you remember that as an officer in the Navy, he matured, grew up, attained stability. Therefore, you know he can control his impatience, that he will never rush headlong into anything. With all he has been, and is, and could be, wrapped into one blond, tanned, 6'1" package, the *hubba, hubba, hubba* department has a feeling he'll do all right. What do you think?

HELP YOUR RED CROSS



Clifton Was Here

Continued from page 37

serious in wanting me to sign. Then I told Fefe with some bitterness that I wouldn't make a picture under any circumstances. Thinking that was the last of it, I went back to my pleasant chores on the stage.

"But Otto Preminger sold me on the idea that the brittle, murderous critic in 'Laura' was the part I'd always wanted to play on the screen. I didn't have time to make a test from the script but a few contrasting scenes from 'Blithe Spirit' did the trick and I left Hollywood to continue the tour. When Otto was ready to shoot the picture I returned.

"'Laura,'" Mr. Webb said with a far-away look. "It seems a long time ago, like looking through a picture album and saying here we are at Coney Island in 1902."

Once in the picture game, Mr. Webb found it much to his liking. He approached screen acting with the same enthusiasm and workmanlike concentration that marked every other phase of his career. He was a veteran at the end of his first rôle. And a good thing, too, because Somerset Maugham had just sold a novel called "The Razor's Edge" to Twentieth with Mr. Webb specifically in mind for the part of *Elliott Templeton*.

He was cheerful about portraying *Elliott*. "He's a thorough snob, and I feel quite natural in the part." In his copy of "Edge," which was the third book off the press, the inscription written by Mr. Maugham quite belies Mr. Webb's tongue-in-check self-appraisal. It reads: "My dear Clifton—you are *Elliott*, but only on the screen, thank God." Mr. W., in turn, fulfills Mr. M.'s confidence by turning out as sharp a characterization as the title of the picture implies.

He was so enthusiastic about the picture that he heckled everyone connected with it about the starting date, which depended on the return of Ty Power from Marine duty. "Ty has within himself that shining, spiritual quality that makes him the character that *Larry* is. No one else could have played it."

When the picture finished, Mr. Webb departed for New York and rehearsals for the new Coward show. He was still heckling the studio, this time about the picture's New York premiere. Even the studio didn't know the date they settled on, November 19, was Mr. Webb's birthday. To celebrate both occasions, Mr. Webb closed his show that night so he and the company could go watch him being *Elliott Templeton*. "I'd close down the biggest hit on Broadway before I'd miss that opening," was the way he put it.

Mr. Webb sounds a note of alarm over some of the young Hollywood players whose successes have been meteoric. "I don't think the youngsters in pictures have had to work hard enough for their stardom. They get spoiled in Hollywood. They live in the country, within twenty minutes of their work, they have a swimming pool, tennis court, a lovely home, beautiful cars, servants, fresh air. It goes

to their heads and they believe success was invented solely for them. Success should be the most natural thing in the world. You don't start out doing a job thinking you're going to fail. You don't go into a picture thinking you're going to stink it up. You feel you're going to do the best job for yourself and for the picture. So, when the picture is finished and you *have* done a good job and the fans cheer you and rush you for autographs, that's fine. Let them swoon over you, but don't swoon over yourself. Why get a case of inflated ego because you're suddenly a success? That's what you started out to be, isn't it?

"I admire the young stars who live simply and keep their modesty. I suppose it's because I worked terribly hard for many years before I came anywhere close to being a star. I can remember when I was making a thousand dollars a week and didn't even have an automobile—didn't think I could afford one."

Praise for California, from a man who has spent most of his life on the New York stage and in London, Paris, and the Riviera, is surprising. But Mr. Webb is a surprisingly discerning man. "I expect to live here most of the year from now on. California is the most beautiful place in the world. But the motion picture industry should work toward attaining the dignified and important place it deserves in culture and art. They should build an art center in Beverly Hills for music, painting, pigeon shows or what have you. And above all they should build a theater, where these youngsters could go and learn their trade. There are almost no stock companies, nothing to help them along. That's why a lot of promising young actors are lost in the shuffle, why others are big for a while, then fold up."

Mr. Webb was instrumental in reviving croquet in these parts. He is hipped on the sport, having played since 1929 when Alexander Woolcott, Neysa McMein, Herbert Bayard Swope, George Kaufman, and he were known as the "holy circle."

"Croquet is not a sissy game. It is a game of rugged strategy, not something invented to occupy the time of Victorian ladies while their husbands were out looking for more amusing company," he said with a slightly defensive attitude.

Due to Webb's influence, Darryl Zanuck, Ty Power and many other sportsmen have taken up the game. The demand for croquet sets of English make has reached an all-time peak, but the sad part is no sets have been imported lately. The resourceful Mr. Webb scouted around, however, found a set at Western Costume Company which was in storage for an English picture, and promptly borrowed it. Since then the games have become even more rugged, and the craze has spread. There are even tournaments between the New York cronies and his new Hollywood gang. The games are hotly contested and the winning team carries off an elaborately



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engraved cup which is kept until the other side wrests it away. The first games, at the Zanucks' home in Palm Springs, were primitive things—they lasted until after dark, and the only lighting was from the headlights of cars parked around the grounds. There are now floodlights and presumably the teams can play all night if they wish.

Mr. Webb's only home (until he completes one near Hollywood) is at Greenwich, Connecticut. Called High Acres, it's on Quaker Ridge Road, opposite Round Hill. It's lovely, and he is torn between keeping it and selling it. The odds are in favor of not selling. "Greenwich is a delightful town, run by the intelligent people who live there. My home is within an hour of any stage door in New York, just a little too far to travel every day. I thought I might have to

lean elegance, with greying hair and hazel eyes. He cares very little for food, regarding it as a necessity rather than an indulgence. But his indifferent attitude toward eating doesn't prevent him from being an excellent host and his parties are always gay and amusing. He's one of the few famous dancers who has no desire to open a dancing studio for the instruction of the public.

He wouldn't have the time, for one thing, even if he weren't doing a play or a picture, because all those people in his address book have his phone number and all his friends are party-minded. Furthermore, a handsome bachelor is always in demand, particularly if his name is Clifton Webb. Even though he enjoys the social amenities as much as the next one, his favorite occupation is work. In fact, the only time he can remember not



Gail Russell and John Wayne show Republic's President, Herbert J. Yates, one of the baby ducks on the complete farm constructed on the desert for "The Angel and the Badman."

live in the gent's room at the Ritz, but I finally found an apartment to sub-let. Now I won't have to change hotels as often as I do my shirt."

The radio often has availed itself of his razor-edged wit and keen mind, but "Information Please" is the only show that doesn't ruffle his superb aplomb. "The others scare me stiff. I chew gum, eat lozenges, drink water, coffee, cokes, smoke far too much—do anything to keep my mind off that microphone." He smokes a filtered variety of cigarette, thinks smoking is bad for him but not sufficiently so to give it up.

Although Mr. W. hasn't danced for several years he still has the lithe, graceful physique of the professional dancer. Just under six feet, he's 150 pounds of

working is that sojourn in Hollywood when he lounged and lived elegantly, waiting for the studio call that never came. Through the work he loves he has become an extremely versatile actor—he can be suave, cynical, irascible, droll, wisecracking. He can be anything he wants to be as an actor. Notice that says anything *he* wants to be, for no one can make him do anything he doesn't want to do. Right now, at this stage of his career, he wants to be a motion picture actor. He has an unaffected, enthusiastic admiration for the Hollywood product, without a trace of the snobbery many dyed-in-the-wool stage actors and New York critics affect toward movies.

Clifton was here. He made his mark. And he'll be back.

The Luck of the Irish

Continued from page 40

been so easy, the process of changing from a Hollywood high school kid into a Hollywood star, that Arleen had taken the whole thing pretty much for granted. That is, she did until she decided that being an actress was the one thing she really wanted to be after all. And because there was plenty of sound intelligence and good, hard common sense entrenched behind those dazzling good looks of hers, Arleen got pretty discouraged reading all those reviews of her first picture, "*Kidnapped*," which turned handsprings over her beauty and either didn't mention her acting at all or predicted better things from her when she'd had a little more experience.

Even her studio didn't know it but Arleen then and there went out after the experience she needed. She began studying drama under some of Hollywood's best coaches and watched other stars work with all the intensity of a student who'd never appeared before a camera in her life. And though most Hollywood personalities would be happy if they never had to make a personal appearance tour, again Arleen begged for the chance of going on them knowing the value of the opportunity she was getting to appear before audiences.

All the hard work she had imposed on herself began showing results. She began getting meatier parts, and though none of them required the services of a Duse or Sarah Bernhardt, her work improved so much that the critics began taking notice. She was established now, and she could have gone on indefinitely playing featured and co-starring rôles. But Arleen wasn't having it that way. As a matter of fact, it was when she got her best notices as the girl in "*Young Mr. Lincoln*" that she really decided to do something. For Arleen knew then that she could really be an actress if she worked at it.

That's the reason she suddenly decided to start all over again at a time most girls would have felt they were nearing their peak. It wasn't any easy decision, giving up a big weekly check and turning her back on all the offers that came when her contract expired. But Arleen decided that from then on she was going to do it the hard way.

It took courage to pack up and leave the way Arleen did. It wasn't much fun being alone in New York without a job and only enough money to take care of absolute necessities, without as much as a bottle of bath salts listed on her budget.

"The economizing I had to do was the least of it," Arleen says today. "The hardest part was being away from home and my family for the first time. But now I can see that that was good for me, too. We'd always been so close that I'd grown to rely on them too much. Being alone forced me to think and act independently, to make my own judgments. Only then I didn't realize that part of it. All I felt then was the loneliness and the fear. For of course I was frightened. You know how it is when

you haven't got a job, you wonder if you will ever get one again and most of the time you think you never will.

"For the first time, too, I knew what starting cold really meant. The little success I'd had in pictures didn't mean a thing in managers' offices. Sometimes I had to force myself to start making the rounds, but knowing you have to find *something* or else is the best self-discipline there is. I could have gone back to Hollywood, of course, but that would have been admitting I was licked. And thank goodness, my pride was strong enough to make me hold out.

"Three months isn't a long stretch of time usually. But three months without a job is an eternity. Then it happened, just like that. One day I was asked to read a part, and though, of course, I was so overjoyed that I could scarcely breathe, I knew then what being afraid *really* was. For just about the most frightening thing that ever happened to me was finding myself out there on a big, cold empty stage, reading from one script while the stage manager, in a very matter-of-fact and completely unemotional way, read from another, and three people,—and what poker players they would have made—watched from the audience. Even after I'd started rehearsals I couldn't believe I'd really been given the part."

The part was one of the leads in "*Doughgirls*," in which Arleen received rave notices in one of Broadway's biggest successes, a feat some of Hollywood's biggest stars who have either flopped dismally or received mediocre attention must well have envied her. But it wasn't the personal gratification alone that pleased Arleen. It was the satisfaction of knowing that at last she was on the way to the new and better career she had promised herself.

"A stage background is so important," Arleen went on. "Nothing does as much for an actor or actress, gives such a personal lift or gains so much respect for you. Besides the assurance it gives you, there's the chance for improving your own performance every time the curtain goes up, to insert new business and play with your lines, doing the part differently and keeping on trying until you get exactly what you want.

"It's an experience you can't buy, playing on Broadway. I knew that when I went back to Hollywood after a three years absence to play the 'other woman' with Paulette Goddard and Fred MacMurray in '*Suddenly It's Spring*.' Every-

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thing came so much easier, so much more naturally than it ever had before. I found myself doing things instinctively as—well, say as a doctor does, or an engineer or a writer or anyone else who has trained themselves for the job they are doing. And things I'd taken for granted before in Hollywood suddenly became new and exciting, such as going on to a new story and a new characterization when you've finished with one. That's what I like about the movies, for it does get monotonous on the stage, always going on with the same show."

All of which shows just how divided Arleen's loyalties are between the two branches of her work. But in one particular instance Hollywood can't hope ever to measure up to the peak Broadway holds in her affections, nor can any picture she ever makes mean quite as much to her as "Doughgirls." That's because it was during the run of that play she met her husband, Hugh Owen, the Paramount sales executive.

She met him on a blind date and the funny thing about that was it was Arlene Francis, one of the other "Doughgirls," who was conducting her widely successful radio program, "Blind Date," at the time who brought them together. And the happiness of that marriage is still another reason Arleen wishes sometimes she could be identical twins so that one of her could be playing in the movies and living at home with her parents and her twelve-year-old brother Tommy, while the other could remain

permanently with her husband in their charming New York apartment.

But in spite of the fact that her work makes temporary separations necessary now and then, Arleen doesn't feel that a woman's career need be a hindrance to a happy marriage, nor on the other hand that marriage hurts a woman's career.

"It's all in the way that a man and woman look at it," she said that day in her New York apartment. "How deeply they feel about their marriage and each other, and just how possessively inclined they happen to be. Me, I'm lucky that Hugh is the sort of person he is, particularly that he *wants* me to keep on with my career. Maybe I'm wrong, but I feel that it's an inferiority complex that makes a lot of men object to their wives having a professional life of their own. And sometimes it's the working wives who are at fault. Women who are so completely bound up in their own interests that they haven't thought or energy left for the men they marry. Careers, both men's and women's, should be as much of a fifty-fifty thing as a happy marriage should be."

Certainly, looking around that comfortable living room, any visitor to the Owen apartment couldn't help but feel that it was the home of a woman who gave as much to her marriage as any non-working wife possibly could. For you can tell a lot about a man and woman seeing the place where they live. You can tell a lot about a marriage too.



Beverly Simmons likes her job of painting the Easter egg on the Universal lot. She's next in "Buck Privates Come Home."

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